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23rd May, 1861. **WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWSES,**  
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

## REVIEWS.

## THE GREAT-SALT-LAKE CITY.\*

WE remember to have read, or heard sung, or in some way become acquainted with, a carol, the warbler whereof is made to express himself as divided in his mind with respect to which is the more enviable lot—that of Pope or that of Sultan. He congratulates the former upon his exemption from the cares of married strife and upon his ability to drink the best of Rhenish wine; but Bacchus is a friend to Love, and he is, therefore, naturally moved by the mention of wine to a consideration of the polygynous bliss enjoyed by the latter; and he seems inclined to give the palm to him who "has wives as many as he will." However, as he cannot see his way clearly either to the triple crown or the seraglio, he tries a practical view of things, and expresses an intention of taking his lowly stand in this, his own, his native land, of drinking his wine, and kissing his maiden; and thus concludes:—

"And when my maiden kisses me,  
I'll think that I the Sultan be;  
And when my cheery glass I toppe,  
I'll fancy that I am the Pope."

That man evidently had the fear of bigamy before his eyes, and lived at an unfortunate epoch. A few short years, and Joe Smith would have made him perfectly happy—would have announced to him the revelation whereby it was made known that the more wives a man has, the more chance he has of salvation; and would, at the same time, have permitted him to indulge his taste for the drinking of wine or—we beg pardon—spirits, we should say—spirits having been, we believe, the favourite beverage of the founder of Mormonism. Now, "cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum;" any one may go and live at Great Salt Lake City, and take unto himself as many wives as he can inveigle; without much scruple, moreover, about prohibited degrees of consanguinity; for, so far as we can discover, a man who married a deceased wife's sister would be looked upon as going conspicuously far out of the family. We derive our information upon the subject from two very handsome and highly interesting volumes, published by the well-known Scius of the Burlington Arcade. Much to be desired for ornament outwardly, and calculated inwardly by type and paper to invite perusal as they are, we are nevertheless constrained to declare our belief that they would have been improved by compression, or at least abbreviation. We are aware that there are persons who like to know every single thing about travellers, from the greatest to the smallest,—from the personal encounter with a gorilla to the breaking of a pipe-stem,—from the number of tigers they shoot before breakfast to the number of times they blow their noses; but granting this (and they are, we feel sure, a small minority), is it quite fair towards even a minutiae-loving reader of travels, when he is preparing for a leap *in medias res*, to stop him at the very outset with a regular bullfinch in the shape of one hundred and thirty-one pages of introduction, philosophical, metaphysical, and religious? What is said is most excellent in its way, perhaps a little startling to weak brethren; but is it wise in the author towards himself? Is it kind towards the

reader? An elaborate essay upon Emerson, Channing, and Joseph Smith is charming in its place; but is that place the preface to what professes to be not a biographical, theological, or physiological treatise, but simply an account of a journey? Emerson may be a cross between "the Prophet and the Seer," and "it may be said of him as of Spinoza" (if you like to be a little profane) "that he is drunk with God;" Channing may represent "the transition from Protestantism as it actually exists, to that natural religion which looms in the future;" we have not the very remotest doubt but that Joseph Smith "was, to the whole extent of the word, a cheat and impostor;" and we are ready to believe that in a country where it is possible to write upon a cemetery,—

"De par le Roi, défense à Dieu  
De faire miracle dans ce lieu,"

religious epidemics are more speedily arrested than where blasphemy is considered more shocking than amusing; still, we did not feel whilst reading it that we were getting on towards Great Salt Lake City. It was therefore a great relief at length to start, in company with Messrs. Remy and Brenchley, from Sacramento City, California. Mr. Brenchley is Jupiter, and M. Remy Mercurius: in other words, the former performs wonders upon the journey, the latter gives to the public an account both of them, and many other things, in a botanico-theologico-entomologico-historical style; for he botanizes indefatigably on his road, and is not deterred from his favourite pursuit by scorpions under foot, grizzlys bears over the way, rattlesnakes hissing in the vicinity, and treacherous Indians lurking in the brake. We shall pass over their adventures from Sacramento to Carson Valley,—from Carson Valley to Haw's Ranch,—and from Haw's Ranch until we arrive at the largest desert which has to be crossed on the way from California to Utah. The Indian guides suddenly draw the travellers' attention to a certain part of the horizon; and we read:—

"Before us flowed a stately river, the banks of which were skirted with pyramidal trees resembling poplars. Its water was so beautiful and so limpid, the green avenues appeared so fresh, that we instinctively set spurs to our mules the more rapidly to reach its magic waters and quench our thirst in them. Soon the river seemed to expand and overflow on all sides, forming a sea bathing the foot of fantastic mountains. Islands with festooned outlines rose from the bosom of this unknown ocean, which was ploughed by vessels of every shape, their white sails swelling to an invisible breeze. Headlands with sinuous uneven crests, and their sides pierced with mysterious grottoes, stood out from the mountains like the flying buttresses of an old cathedral."

"In a little bay in one corner of this picture, enormous whales gambolled on the surface, and spouted up the water in silvery sheaves, like those that may often be seen sporting in a brilliant sunshine on the tranquil coast of Peru. In the foreground of this marine landscape rose elegant habitations in the Italian style, which seemed set in the midst of woods of bushy trees. Then it was an army on the march, with its staff gorgeously equipped, its band, its artillery, its squadrons commanded by chiefs decorated with waving plumes. There were also droves of cattle which quietly grazed beside fat sheep and bounding goats. Whirlwinds of dust rose in lofty columns to the sky and were reflected in the mirror of the waters."

"This extraordinary mirage surpassed all those we had hitherto seen, and all we have met with since, either in Africa, America, or Oceania."

We shall now jog on to Great Salt Lake City, the New Jerusalem, the modern Zion, the Deseret, or Land of the Bee, for by each and all of these names it is known, and to the last it has good title. The morals, the religion,

even the five senses of the Mormons may be questioned, but none can gainsay their industry. M. Remy says:—

"The majority of the houses are built of adobes, generally in a simple style, frequently elegant, and always clean. Some of these dwellings are very large; among others, Brigham Young's, which is comparatively a palace. This edifice, about ninety-eight feet long by forty in width, is built of several kinds of stone, among which we remarked a magnificent granite, brought from the neighbouring mountains at great expense. The long salient ogives of the windows of the upper story give to the roof which they intersect the appearance of a crenellated diadem, and render this monument a model of Mormon architecture. Thirty sultanas are intended to occupy this harem, which, although far from being finished, has already cost the Mormon pontiff 30,000 dollars, whose personal fortune, arising from his fortunate speculations, is stated to exceed 400,000 dollars. The house actually inhabited by Brigham Young with his seventeen wives, is situate by the side of this palace, and the roof is surmounted by a bee-hive, the emblem, as they say, of the industry and innocence of the inhabitants of Deseret, and probably having allusion to the word *deseret* itself, which, as we have observed before, means 'land of the bee.'"

This is of course the famous Brigham Young, on whom the prophet (Joseph Smith), in a fit of generous admiration, pronounced the high eulogy that "he could cut more eggs and beget more children than any man in the State of Illinois." For the history of Joseph Smith; how he began to see the necessity of a new revelation at the early age of fifteen; how he had visions of angels, one of whom gave him a thrashing, to rouse his flagging energies; how he discovered the Book of Mormon, the plates with characters upon them, and the Urim and Thummim, or celestial spectacles whereby he was enabled to decipher them; how the Book of Mormon is identified with Spaulding's romance; how the prophet was tarred and feathered, was nothing abashed, received more revelations than ever, made more converts than ever, was persecuted from city to city, but never flinched and was never discouraged; how he triumphed over obstacles which would have crushed and obliterated an ordinary man; how he proposed himself as a candidate for the Presidency; and how he was ultimately murdered,—for all this, we must refer the reader to M. Remy's copious volumes. To the same source we must refer him for a history of Mormonism from its birth to the present day, for the story of the sufferings, the persecutions, and the patriotism of the Mormonites, and for the account of their now flourishing condition and steadily increasing numbers. He will find it well worth his while to read; and he will see in it one more proof of what has already proved enough, that if you wish to strengthen and propagate a fanatical sect, you should persecute it. Lopping and pruning only increases its growth:—

"Ab ipso  
Ducit opes animamque ferro."

M. Remy truly observes, that in the plurality of wives we have "the most piquant, if not the most curious, of all the doctrines of Mormonism;" it is also, perhaps, the most revolting. We may be shocked at the worse-than-Spurgeonic trumpery of Joseph Smith, when he says:—

"I will preach on the plurality of gods. . . . I have always declared God to be a distinct personage, Jesus Christ a distinct personage from God the Father, and that the Holy Ghost was a distinct personage and a Spirit, and these three constitute three distinct personages and three Gods. If this is in accordance with the New Testament, lo and behold! we have three Gods anyhow, and they are plural; and who can contradict it? . . . Paul says, 'There are Gods many and Lords many.' . . . Many men

\* A Journey to Great-Salt-Lake City. By Jules Remy and Julius Brenchley, M.A. Two Vols. Pp. cxxxii, 608, 609. (W. Jeffs.)

say, there is one God,—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are only one God. I say that is a strange God anyhow—three in one and one in three! It is a curious organization. . . . All are to be crammed into one God, according to Sectarianism; it would make the biggest God in all the world; he would be a wonderful big God; he would be a giant and a monster. . . . If Jesus was the son of God, God the Father of Jesus Christ had a father also. Whenever was there a son without a father? or, whenever was there a father who had not first been a son? etc.

"The Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; the Son also; but the Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh and bones, but is a personage of Spirit; were it not so, the Holy Ghost could not dwell in us. . . . In 1890 the face of the Son of Man will show itself to the world;"

the prophecy contained in which we would recommend to the attention of Dr. Cumming; and we may pity the coarseness of ideas which can build up such a doctrine as is contained in the following passages:—

"There exists an infinity of Gods with a chief god at their head—the *Head of the Gods*. The gods have a body like our own; they have passions, members, organs; they speak, they walk, they have wives. Their body is immortal.

"There have been female gods from all eternity, that is to say, co-eternal with the most ancient gods. These are the queens of heaven; they are mothers of our minds, and of the gods by a mode of generation peculiar to the celestial regions.

"Jesus Christ differs from his father in this, that he is subordinate to him, and can do nothing of his own will independently of him; but he does all things in the name and by the authority of the Father, being of the same mind in all things. The difference between Jesus Christ and another immortal man is this; man is subject to Jesus Christ, does nothing of himself or by himself, but all things in the name of Christ, and by his authority, being of one mind with him, and rendering all the glory to him and his father."

But to all with a heart that is capable of love, and affections that can appreciate the blessings of home, there is nothing so revolting as polygamy. Even the elect lady, Emma, the wife of the prophet, murmured when it was revealed to her husband that it would be well for him to keep a harem: she evidently did not believe that *that* was the will of the Lord. And yet M. Remy gives at great length a conversation which he held upon the subject with a Mormon lady, who, he says, would anywhere have been accounted a lady: and she advocates it most unhesitatingly, with earnestness, with argument from Scripture and elsewhere, and even with great common sense; but sense founded on a bestial conviction that a man is never to control his appetites, and always to have an instrument for his carnal passions. But M. Remy shows us the other side of the picture: a man wishing to marry his step-daughter in her mother's lifetime, and maltreating both mother and daughter, when the latter resisted his proposal, partly from an innate sense of propriety, partly because she loved another! Nor is an anecdote which he relates of Brigham Young calculated to give us so high an opinion of his sanctity as of his lewdness and effrontery:

"One Watt even married his half-sister. The circumstances are worth mentioning. Arriving from Scotland at the Salt Lake with his sister, Watt presented her to Brigham Young, with a request that he would permit him to take her for his second wife. The Prophet objected, but Watt insisted. 'Abraham,' he said, 'married his half-sister; surely I have as much right to marry mine. God blessed Abraham, though he contracted such a marriage; surely he must bless me if I do the same thing.' The question was a knotty one; but, as it happened, the girl was pretty; Brigham took her to himself, and so the Gordian knot was cut. However, at the end of some weeks, the Prophet, whether he changed

his mind on the subject, or that the young girl was not over-pleased with her union, said to Watt, that, after all, there was sense in his argument; that it was, in fact, just as lawful for him as it had been for Abraham, to marry his half-sister. Watt, without any more pressing, accepted his young relative for a wife on her leaving the arms of Brother Brigham."

For their polygamy or polygyny, whichever be the better term, there is not even the excuse of an over-stock of women: M. Remy "met with many who were obliged to remain bachelors, from not having been yet able to find wives." Now it has been remarked that no accumulation of trustworthy evidence would induce a mathematician to believe that any one had squared the circle, and we think it may be as difficult to induce any one, with a knowledge of mankind, to believe that, under the circumstances alluded to, some temporary arrangement is not entered into between jealous wives and discontented bachelors, and that not in all cases "laudantur simili prole puerperæ:" indeed it would be astonishing if a hook-nosed papa had not flat-nosed offspring, and *vice versa*. But we must conclude: we cannot follow the travellers from Great Salt Lake City to the Pacific, but we can assure those who have time that they will find agreeable companions, and plenty of adventure. M. Remy expresses a fear that, as his matter was for the most part written under difficulties—probably jotted down like A. K. H. B.'s papers (if we remember rightly) on his horse's nose—his book may lack literary finish. We have not seen the original, and we do not quite know what he means by finish: we have already expressed our opinion that it might have been advantageously shortened, and perhaps more systematically arranged; beyond that, if there were any literary faults, the translator has successfully hidden them; and we feel bound to say, that the whole work reads so little like a translation that we think it would puzzle the keenest observer to find out, without a hint, that it is one. Nor can we omit to acknowledge the very serviceable plates, notes, maps, Mormon chronological summary, Mormon bibliography, and index, with which the work is furnished: it is in fact, in its "get up," complete.

#### HENRY THE GREAT.\*

WE have no other desire than to speak with kindness and respect of our lady historians, especially when, as in the case of Miss Freer, they have the substantial and somewhat rare merits of honesty, carefulness, and a very considerable acquaintance with historical facts. Within certain limits, we are quite disposed to consider the authoress an accurate and agreeable writer. But it is very desirable that in the case of Miss Freer and other writers of her class, these limits should be accurately defined and stated. These volumes are creditable instances of clear narrative and skilful compilation. The grammar and spelling are alike irreproachable; the authoress has been very diligent, and she must, moreover, be very well acquainted with the French language. But candour compels us to say that in any proper sense of the term this so-called history is no history at all. We might just as well accept the *Court Circular* as a history of England. Miss Freer is certainly far behind the modern lights. She does not at all trouble herself with a scientific treatment of history and the laws

of historical development. Her philosophy is about on a level with that of Pinnock's Catechism, and decidedly inferior to that of our lively friend Mrs. Markham. There is neither light nor shadow, neither background nor foreground in the *History*. There is the usual deluge of facts, without any informing principle to lend them life and meaning. The old story, with slight variations, is told once more. The kaleidoscope has been once more shaken, and there is a new, though scarcely an improved, arrangement of the old colours. She has simply and baldly retold a story which has already been told in a great variety of ways, with the addition of some scanty gleanings of her own,—as it strikes us, of very indifferent value. We may still, however, recommend the volume, as containing a faithful and clear relation of facts, to those who despair of Davila and De Thou, and are ambitious of something bulkier than mere children's abridgments. Miss Freer is very well able to record a long procession of uninteresting facts, about as important as that King Henry walked up a hill and then walked down again. The trivialities of the ancient régime may now be buried for ever beneath the lava crust of the fierce revolutionary eras that have swept over France. Nevertheless, it is to these that Miss Freer directs her chief attention, to the neglect of the great European complications, the progress of opinion, the state of literature, science, and the arts. A couple of pages by Ranke will give a better idea of the religious histories of France than Miss Freer's four volumes of Henry IV. A couple of pages by Mr. Motley give us a portrait, of Vandyke-like ability, of the king, such as cannot be furnished to us by a perusal of the work before us.

The abjuration was accomplished. Henry IV. is in possession of Paris. The despised Bearness is about to inaugurate the brilliant splendours of a real reign. The wars of La Ligue are over; the Henriade has attained the consummation generally achieved in epic poems. It does not appear that Henry ever to any great extent obtained the affection and confidence of the middle classes of France; but his court was crowded with attached nobles and soldiers, and by the poorer classes he was hailed as the father of his country. And now the character of the reign quite changes. We have no longer such stirring episodes as those of Arques and Ivry and Courtray. One volume of his life is for ever laid aside. After the re-capture of Amiens the military renown of Henry rests upon his brilliant antecedents. With the slight exception of the war in Savoy, with the exception of the final flash of the old martial spirit before he encountered the poignard of Ravallac, the story of his wars is closed. Like King David of old, a prototype in many respects, his throne was established upon the necks of his enemies. But in the article of his abjuration the parallel is incomplete enough between Henry and the crowned minstrel, the son of Jesse. From that point we enter upon a totally different chapter in old French history. At first the Huguenots were afraid Henry would prove himself too zealous a convert to his new faith. At first the Romanists were afraid that, attracted to the Holy Church by interest, Henry would still remain a Huguenot in heart. But it soon became evident that in point of fact Henry belonged to no religion at all. Henry Bourbon must have been an unhappy and remorseful man. He must have recollected the example of his famous mother of saintly memory, the lessons of his youth, the traditions of his mountain home. The religious influences with which he had been sur-

\* *Henry IV. and Marie de Medici: Part II. of the History of Henry IV.* By Martha Walker Freer. Two Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)



rounded must have been potent with a man of his vivid feelings and active mind. The burning sun of success had dissipated all the nobler and more rugged elements of his character. He had been taken to a pinnacle from whence he contemplated the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof, and before the arch-tempter's most potent wile he lay prostrate like a fallen angel. He seems to have been often moody and unhappy, with a painful sense of restlessness, and a vague feeling of misery and uncertainty. In that wreck of a great mind and a sensitive conscience there was more than could be satisfied by the plaudits of fickle Parisians; by the flatteries of a hard and polished court; by the idolatries offered to the purple and the gold; by the long glories of the Louvre, the terraced heights of St. Germain, the soft sward of the hunting-grounds of the forest of Fontainebleau, by the revellings of the lighted banquet hall, by the gentle smiles of Gabrielle d'Estrées and the arch railery of Henrietta d'Entragues.

It was some time before the reconciliation with the Church of Rome was formally accepted and complete. The great Spanish interest interposed every delay. It was yet possible that the religious cry might reanimate the fallen faction of Guise. Sixtus V., whose romantic acts in Rome remind us rather of the exploits of Haroun Alraschid than of a Pontiff's rule, passed by all Catholic princes, and bestowed his full admiration on the great Protestant chiefs, Henry of Navarre and Elizabeth of England. Yet the circumstances of the time reduced even this determined Pontiff to an irresolute and inglorious attitude. The Catholic See was not the most thoroughly Catholic state. The liberality of Sixtus contemplated much from which the piety of Philip shrank in horror. The orthodoxy of Madrid stood higher, and was less impugned, than the orthodoxy of Rome. Sixtus died before he had the courage to break through the overwhelming domination of Spain. His successor, Aldobrandini, experienced fewer obstacles in welcoming back to his paternal bosom the regal penitent. No motive proved more powerful with the Pope and Conclave than the rich benefices in France, that were such a lure to Italian cupidity. Among the French it was the concern of all good Catholics and patriots that the interests of the Gallican Church might not suffer through means of the reconciliation.

The policy of the reconciliation with Rome has been generally approved. French writers have uniformly eulogized a king whose freedom from religious superstition did not allow a scruple to interpose an insurmountable barrier to his people's happiness. Even Ranke, in his peculiar way, announces that the recantation had become a necessity. So far as we can recollect, Sir James Stephen is almost the only historical writer of any note who has ventured to express an opinion adverse to the wisdom of the procedure. The advantages of the step were obvious and great. It was the most effectual means for annulling civil war and foreign invasion. It enabled Henry to salve the wounds of his torn and bleeding country, to recruit a disordered exchequer, to reorganize a distracted realm. But the material prosperity of a generation was purchased at the costly price of the civil and religious liberties of France for two hundred years. Those whose high stake is the regeneration of their country, must be content to receive it through a baptism of fire and blood. It was the misfortune of the Reformation in France that political interests had become inextricably commingled with religious interests. It was also an undoubted misfortune that the sword was ever drawn by the Huguenots in

defence of the Protestant faith. Protestantism might indeed be an unresisting anvil to the angry blows of the hammer, but it was, nevertheless, an anvil that had outworn many hammers. But the quarrel having taken this dread issue, and having been conducted by Henry to a high point of success, it was scarcely worth while to sacrifice the permanent interests of humanity for a selfish and temporary expediency. A minute examination of the historical facts would, perhaps, disclose to us, and more clearly than to contemporaries, the nature of the improved prospects of the Huguenot cause. But we are reading the annals of the first Bourbon king by the light that is thrown upon it by the times of the last. The history of the whole dynasty is before us. The drama is complete in all its acts; the act is perfect in all its scenes. The reign of Henry inaugurated an era of corruption, which was not paralleled by the reigns of the kings of the Valois line. We can trace to this fountain the miseries of each of the fateful seven of his line. The arguments that are urged in favour of the recantation are, in fact, the arguments that are generally advanced in favour of Imperialism. A freedom from anarchy and insecurity is attained, and, for a single life, nearly all the blessings that attend good government. But these are purchased by the abasement of all higher motives, and by the risk of irremediable distraction hereafter. No passage in Mr. Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* is more eloquent and instructive than where he points out how, in the sixteenth century, the message of the Reformation came to every country in Europe laden with innumerable blessings. Those who accepted that message after a period of conflict and distress, found themselves in the possession of an inestimable treasure. A slow-footed but certain Nemesis awaited all who rejected it. It was the unhappiness or the crime of Henry that his abjuration set the seal to the defection of France from the cause of human liberty, laid deep the foundations of the horrors of the French Revolution, and postponed the regeneration of his country for centuries, or for ever.

The character of Henry is in many respects a curious psychological study. Much of the credit of his reign is indefinitely due to Sully. It was one of the good deserts of poor Gabrielle d'Estrées that she never ceased to solicit the King to confer office upon Rosny. According to Henry's account, his condition was deplorable enough before the great financier came to his aid. "I have not a charger that I could ride in battle; my armour is incomplete; my shirts are ragged; my doublet's out of elbows; my camp-kitchen is worn out, so that every two days I am obliged to dine with my officers. . . . Is it just that I should starve while my ministers and treasurers keep dainty tables?" Rosny was distinguished by the entireness with which he dedicated his whole life and soul to the royal cause. Unlike Duplessis Mornay, he was always ready to bow down in the house of Rimmon. Though a strict man, he would attend the King to the gambling-table; and, though a good Huguenot, he would attend him to mass. He moved about unattracted by the beauties whom he despised, and the feasts of which he was weary. Miss Freer, however, repeats the story which he tells against himself—so strangely opposed to our notions of his extreme decorum—how, when the Queen's ladies wished to mix water with their Burgundy, Rosny had the ewers filled with a strong white wine, "perfectly colourless." Queen Marie's indignation might best have been directed against the perpetrator of the ungentelemanly hoax. Nothing shows the ver-

satility of the King's mind more than the fact that in the midst of statecraft and on the eve of battles, he writes familiar letters on birds, and mice, and gardens, and fruits, and fountains.

Although Henry was what is popularly considered a good-natured man, and was enlightened and tolerant for his age, yet was his heart hard and fickle. Those who came over to him from the side of the League were more splendidly rewarded than his most faithful adherents. It was the bitterly true remark of Sancy, that to be rewarded by his Majesty one must first betray him. His hardness of heart is shown by his treatment of his sister Catherine, whose marriage with her cousin he harshly prevented; and having forced her into an unacceptable match, persecuted her that she might change her religion. It is shown by his conduct to his wife. For many unhappy years, he left the miserable Marguerite on the lonely rocks of Usson, guarded by drawbridge and portcullis and the inaccessible precipice: neither does it appear that he took any steps to win back his profligate consort to a purer life. It was shown by his treatment of Gabrielle, whom he would certainly have made queen had she lived longer. She died under suspicion, that almost grew into certainty, that she had been poisoned, perhaps by the famous Italian, Zaffet. Henry, with a curious prudence, forbore to make inquiries into her death, lest any of his courtiers should be compromised; and, within a very short time after her death, he commenced that infamous connection which so irretrievably damaged his honour, his fame, and the interests of his realm.

Miss Freer's work, as we have intimated, is scarcely one which, as a contribution to historical science, is worthy of the attention of a literary journal, although it suggests several ideas very well worthy of consideration. We are sorry for this, because she has probably looked forward to the reign of Henry IV. as a great subject upon which she might worthily expatiate. But the first part of the reign is a military history, for which a lady's pen is scarcely adapted; and the last part a history of courtly intrigues and politics, for which, we should imagine, she has an equal inaptitude. We regret this the more, inasmuch as Miss Freer is a sensible and well-informed writer, and occupies an honourable position in the sisterhood of authoresses. We have a very pleasing recollection of her *Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême*. To that work belonged a rare union of biographical and historical interest; a profound religious interest, and a womanly career which Miss Freer depicted with sympathy and force. Another subject for a congenial biography might, we imagine, be found without difficulty, wherein she might obtain a very considerable measure of success. But it is no imputation upon a lady's taste and skill to say, that an adequate exposition of the reign of Henry IV. is beyond her powers, and that, aiming at a subject of too large a grasp, she has missed subjects of humbler interest, to which she might have given a very appropriate treatment. In the meantime there is no reason why the work should not become a popular one among a certain extensive class of readers; helped by its remarkably pretty binding, and by the first line of its title, more alluring than the succeeding announcement of a history, *Henry IV. and Marie de Medici*, although in truth Marie de Medici only occupies an insignificant section of the work. "Nothing," says little Isaac in Sheridan's *Duenna*, "keeps me in such awe as perfect beauty; now there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness." These words are susceptible of being

allegorized. There are many persons on whom the wisdom of Mr. Hallam and the gorgeous rhetoric of Lord Macaulay are quite lost; they really do not care for works of consummate excellence; such demand an intellectual effort for a perusal which emasculated minds are not able to afford. At this point, an ephemeral "history" for the season, disguised as far as possible, so as to make it like a fashionable novel, may find a real place and use in the existing order of things. A knowledge of historical facts is afforded to unmitigated ignorance, and this unsatisfactory reading is at any rate an admirable substitute for unmitigated trash. Only it is most advisable that both author and reader should be carefully guarded against misapprehension. Let not the author or authoress imagine that they are writing anything which, with a proper understanding of the term, can duly be considered as history. They are only administering a milk-and-water diet to babes whose stunted growth forbids a stronger nourishment. And let not the readers imagine that in any veritable sense they are students of history. They are only being nursed and pampered and dandled by fashionable writers, if by any means they can be educated into an appreciation of something infinitely better.

#### SOCIAL LIFE AND MANNERS IN AUSTRALIA.\*

A LADY with considerable powers of observation, and also of description, who spends eight years in a new colony, and then comes home and modestly culls from her diary only two hundred and nine small pages, can hardly be accused of being prolix.

Our authoress discusses Platypuses, Bush-rangers, Boomerangs, Diggers' Doings, Emus, Kangaroo Hunting, Lola Montez, Settlers' Stories, and Pig-hunts, all pleasantly enough, truthfully, and with intelligence. Her desire in writing was to paint a brighter and rosier picture of the colony which for many years was her happy home, and to make its social life better understood and more appreciated in England. She wishes (kindly enough) to comfort and cheer those of her countrywomen who suddenly, with dismay and apprehension, discover that their husbands are about to start in search of Australian gold. She hopes, she says, by expressing her own warm admiration for Australia to console such desponding hearts, and to convince them how warm-hearted and hospitable they will find their countrymen on the other side of the Big Water.

One of the greatest faults of our writer is a tendency to sentimentalize, and to transform her simple stories of settlers' misfortunes into short romantic novels, with a twang of the Minerva press, giving in the process a tinselled, theatrical air to stories that otherwise would be most interesting. We much fear that ladies bear too small a portion of a settler's cares to give a very true report of the new colony. The bush life is to them a continual picnic, and the alienation from civilization a mere rusticiating holiday. Hunger and thirst are not relieved by the "golden flowers of the wattle" or the blossomed festoons of the sarsaparilla, by the curious scarlet bells or the carpet of purple-spotted orchids. Indeed, here and there even the authoress lets some unpleasant truths escape, which tend to confirm our suspicion that Australia is not a pleasant place, though to the gold-seeker it may be for a time bearable.

Add to these annoyances the constant

drought, the rough and often villainous society, the horse-stealing, the constant dread of bush-rangers, and the bad roads, and we think Australia is pretty well proved to be no Paradise.

The stories of the diggers are sometimes very characteristic. The following depicts very well the emotion of the successful finder, and the contrasts of joy and sorrow that abound in the quartz hills:—

"The doctor one morning called for us to ride with him to Quartz Hill, to get some specimens of gold and see the diggers' holes. As we quietly sauntered along, admiring the lovely scenery, loud ringing shouts were heard that were unmistakably sounds of joy. 'These fellows have found something good,' said the doctor; 'let us make haste and see the fun.' Accordingly, putting our horses to their utmost speed, we were in a few minutes in the midst of a crowd of diggers, whose burlesque costumes presented a most ludicrous appearance: dirty finery and rags were worn together in the most fantastic fashion; unwashed, unkempt, and begrimed with dirt, forty of them were huddled together, alternately shouting, yelling, and congratulating a man, who half sat, half knelt on the ground, his trembling hands resting on the glittering mass before him. It was the largest nugget which had yet been found there. His fortune was made, his anxieties ended; yet he was very passive, seeming not to understand all that was passing before him. He evidently could not realize it; his face was deadly pale, but its varying expression revealed the strong emotion passing within. His tattered and soiled garments, hollow cheek, and wasted form, plainly told that it was only at the eleventh hour succour had come. Nor did he heed the kind endeavours of his fellows to arouse him. One of them, recognising our friend, called out, 'Give him a taste of your flask, Doctor; maybe that will set him to rights.' The kind doctor's hand was in his pocket in a moment, and the contents of the flask served out to the dreaming man; who, suddenly looking up, and pushing it away slowly, said, 'Never again! may God keep me from it, and may my future life show my thanks to the God who has saved me.' Just then a rude litter was carried past, the bearers loudly calling for the doctor; a man had been crushed in a hole, and they were taking him to the hospital."

A few days after, and a German friend of the authoress's husband is compelled to shoot dead a ruffian who attacks his tent at night, after three warnings to desist.

All the wilder part of Australia seems full of contrasts between the savageness of many of the settlers and the beauty of the flowers, the birds, and occasionally of the landscape.

For instance, our authoress rides out with "tiny" pistols under her loose riding jacket, and sees a digger being cruelly tied up and whipped for thieving; and in a few pages after she is in raptures with the swarms of jewel-coloured cockatoos, of flame-coloured lorics, of Rosella parrots, with the curious note of the laughing jackass, and with the gold and black spotted ground parrots. The next chapter she is complaining that cabbages are 15s. each, eggs 12s. the dozen. Now our lady writer spends the evening looking out materials for embroidery; and the same night her husband is awake by the click of a revolver, and has to set two fierce bulldogs on the thieves.

The calmness with which the writer tells horrible stories is perhaps the result of her hardy life in the bush. The following is one of the strangest:—

"As I write, the face of the black military labourer in Grenada, who was my father's grass-cutter, rises distinctly to my recollection. I was a child then, and as I pitied the old man, I used to talk and laugh with him when he brought me new flowers, or tender grass to feed my pony; but when I heard how, long ago, there was a sick white baby, taken out daily by its English nurse for air; whom he had tenderly watched, and about whose health he

made constant inquiries until the poor little thing died, and was consigned to its narrow grave; and then, when night came on, how he stole to the spot, dug up the little body, and was discovered in the act of devouring it! oh, what horror froze my childish heart. I could not be induced to remain in his sight for a moment, from that hour; and hence my peculiar horror of a cannibal was one of those early lessons implanted in childhood which are never forgotten."

At the Avoca the authoress visits the *mi-mis*, or huts of the natives. She says of them:—

"The natives are not as disgusting as they are generally represented; they have fine black eyes and long curling hair; the hands and feet of the women are small and beautifully formed, but they all disfigure themselves by piercing the nose, and are usually to be seen with a large-sized reed stuck through the holes they make in that organ. We watched one of the natives climb a tall gum-tree by cutting steps for himself in the trunk with his tomahawk as he went up. Chopping a hollow branch in two, he threw down an opossum which was in it to his *lubra* (wife), who instantly prepared and roasted it for us to taste. It was very tough, and had a disagreeable flavour from feeding upon gum leaves, which always have a strongly aromatic taste and smell."

The natives barb their spears with glass, and their reed-arrows they poison, propelling them through a wooden case, which serves as a sling, their shields they carve and daub with red and white paint; their huts are made of bark, or fresh-cut boughs; their necklaces are formed of reeds or kangaroos' teeth. They manufacture pretty baskets of green rushes, and tan opossum, flying squirrel, and kangaroo skins.

Of this Avoca tribe the book contains a good story. The belle of the tribe, having repelled all her native lovers, was suspected and watched, till it was discovered that she frequently went to the wood to meet a white man from a neighbouring station. The elders of the tribe instantly met in council, and decided to put to death the *lubra* and her lover. The girl, however, alarmed by a friendly native, fled to a neighbouring station, but was eventually given up again to her people on their promising to treat her kindly, and forgive her heterodoxy. The sequel we will let the book tell.

"Late one night, as Mr. H— was riding home, he heard a tremendous noise in the native camp, intermingled with the shrieks of women and the barking of dogs; fearing for poor Lucy, he galloped home, armed some of his men, and very quickly reached the camp. There he heard from some of the *lubras*, that Lucy had given birth to an infant which was not black, and that, as it was a law amongst them that every white man's child must be put to death, they were going to take the babe from its mother and murder it. Mr. H— insisted on the *lubras* showing him the way to Lucy's *mi-mi*. There he found several men, chiefs of the tribe, in the act of tearing the child from its mother's arms, whom they had already frightfully wounded in several places. Finding he could not prevail on them peaceably to spare the child, Mr. H— fired amongst them; his servants came up at the moment, a rush was made, and Lucy and the child carried off. The natives were so much enraged that they showed more courage on the occasion than they usually display; so part of Mr. H—'s men remained behind to cover his retreat, and soon Lucy was safely conveyed to her old home, where Mrs. H—, being an expert doctress, attended to her wounds, and having herself at the time a baby only a few months old, she took poor Lucy's child and nursed it with her own."

Lucy recovered, and became a faithful servant to Mrs. H—. The child grew up beautiful, strong, and very soon became a daring horseman. But Lucy never saw her child's father again, and dared not venture

\* *Social Life and Manners in Australia; being the Notes of Eight Years' Experience.* By a Resident. (Loughmans.)



out alone for fear of her countrymen's revenge.

We confess, with all its advantages to the struggling man, that Australia seems to us, in spite of our authoress's praises, a very uninteresting country. Half-cured convicts for visitors and friends; bush-rangers for travelling companions; Christmas-day with a thermometer at 116°; kangaroo and parrot soups for dinner; eternal glum gum-trees for forest; leeches that fall in your hair, snakes in your path, and sharks in your bath, and buck jumping horses to ride, are not at all luxuries to our taste. Still, if anything could redeem our strange antipodes, it is such proofs as the following, that in Australia perseverance and industry are sure of reward.

"The extraordinary rise of some of the people in Melbourne was often to me a subject of astonishment. We met at one of our grand dinner parties a gentleman, who had come out as a poor workman, and had actually plastered the very room we were sitting in; but by his industry and upright conduct he had not only amassed sixty thousand pounds, but had acquired the respect of his fellow-citizens, and was one of the most rising men in the colony. This was not by any means a solitary instance, for I could not even count the numbers of persons who, from time to time, were pointed out to me as having been even more successful."

When we first read the Horatian motto to this little book, "it is not every one who can go to Corinth," we thought to ourselves, "it is not every one who cares to go to Corinth;" and we cannot help still thinking so now we have read the book, in spite of all the authoress's pleasant and animated writing. When we, too, first read the title of the book, *Manners in Australia*, we thought of the good old Millerian story of Captain Firebrace the traveller's remarkable chapter on the manners of the Worrow-worrow Islanders: "They ain't got none;" nor does the book much tend to change our opinion. No doubt there are families even in Australia who retain the stern morals, severe elegance, and good breeding of English homes; but these exceptions are lost sight of amid crowds of red-shirted diggers, with vulgar, preposterously dressed wives, who fling nuggets and sovereigns at favourite singers, drink champagne by pailfuls, stride about the streets carrying pier-glasses on their backs, and thirty guinea bonnets on their arms, and a week after crawl back to the quartz-hills and the earth-holes beggared, ragged, drunken, desperate, wifeless, to again grub for gold, to fight for it with revolvers, to catch fresh fevers; and eventually, in mere hopelessness, to take to the bush and murder more lucky and prudent adventurers. God be thanked! "it is not every one who can get to Corinth" (*i. e.* Australia), which, we fear, is Australia Felix only to a lucky few.

#### SIX YEARS IN ITALY.\*

If it were not for the intense sympathy which England must always entertain towards a nation which is struggling for constitutional freedom, we should be thoroughly weary of the very name of Italy. Since new year's day 1859, we have been viewing and reviewing it in every possible variety of aspect. We all have studied its geographical features with that interest which a campaign invariably lends to an otherwise dry pursuit. We have regarded its natural beauties through a haze of pathos, from the pen of many a book-maker; we have noted the soldierly qualities of its inhabitants

\* *Six Years in Italy*. By Kate Crichton, Author of *Before the Dawn in Italy*. Two Vols. (C. T. Skett.)

through the discerning eyes of many an M.P., and have been charmed with their social characteristics as set forth by many a novelist. Nor, for our own part, do we grudge the few hours we have given to yet another work on the same subject. A young lady's point of view is not to be despised, when we would form a correct idea of the whole bearings of any question. We have no doubt but that a well-educated, observant young lady of ordinary mental calibre could instil wise counsel into the mind of Mr. Potter on the subject of "Builders' Strikes," putting it to him in a way which Lord Brougham would never have thought of. In most country parishes Sir John Trelawney reckons many clear-thoughted supporters on the Church-rate question among the fair sex, notwithstanding the numerous personal attractions of the curate; while on topics of social import, such as the temperance pledge, what can vie with the lucid dogmatism of a lady who has never had any temptation to indulge in a matutinal stimulant? Miss Crichton brings to her work the peculiar qualifications of her sex, and has produced a volume (the printer and binder have contrived to make two of it) which, though it is sometimes unpleasantly *dilettante*, gives us the impression of being an excellent rendering of the sort of jottings which an Englishman, possessed of rather more tact and *bonhomie* than is usual with us, would naturally make in his own mind during a tour in the Peninsula. A residence of six years has given her such a thorough acquaintance with its several cities, that only the most striking objects of interest in each are noted: while a nice discrimination, which could only result from long education, is shown in her portraits of the different peoples. We do not happen to have read her former work, and are therefore ignorant as to what period she considers Italy's day to have dawned at; but we presume that she referred to that time when it dawned blood-red at Novara, with every prospect of stormy weather. The period embraced in the present work is from 1852 to 1858, a period when the darkness was still such as might be felt at Milan, Florence, and Naples, and when the Piedmontese alone had light in their dwellings. It was, therefore, a time of heavy gloom in which to mark social characteristics. The Milanese bore the yoke with more fretting and chafing than the other subject peoples, and yet even they, as they scowled on Gyulai (the same Count who now entertains such an unpleasant recollection of Magenta), continually uttered that cheerful prognostication, "We shall see!" which no quenching of hope, no threats, no stripes, no imprisonment, could drive from their lips. The Florentines, upon whom the hand of tyranny weighed lighter, in that it was not purely Austrian, are evidently the author's favourites. The first impression that they, above all others, were a people fit only for a dreamy life of amusement, was speedily dispelled by a more intimate acquaintance. The patient endurance of an impulsive people, the acknowledgment, practically carried out, that heart-and-hand brotherhood was the true and only means for ultimate freedom; the self-sacrificing love which they showed in tending the sick, when the cholera was making its awful ravages, and the ready sympathy with which they always listened to any tale of distress, seem to have endeared them to her during the four years which she spent in their glorious city. One remarkable fact, which is fully evidenced in the course of this book, is the implicit faith which all Italians have in the honesty of the English. Not only was the darkest treason everywhere talked in their presence, but the

very shopkeepers cheerfully parted with their choicest goods without receiving payment at the time from English strangers. It is, perhaps, due to the acquaintance which almost all Italians have with European politics, that, even after the immense Imperial benefit of 1859, we still hold the same relative place in the affections and the esteem of the liberated people.

Miss Crichton, amongst other interesting details, gives us frequent pictures of the customs and spectacles of Italy. The want of method and the childishness of their sports is evidence of the least hopeful side of the national character. This, for instance, is not exactly an Epsom style of horse-racing, but smacks slightly of the barbaric:—

"Each rider not only urged his horse forward but dashed his cow's tail in the faces of those whom he was endeavouring to pass, and when near enough to some rival, running even with him, strove to pull him off his horse. Sometimes this effort—which by the way was considered quite fair and right—resulted in an unfortunate combatant rolling to the ground, where he stood some chance of being trampled to death. When the dangerous declivity, which only preceded the winning point by a few seconds, was approached by the struggling men, they tore along more wildly than ever, some with bleeding faces, and others fighting to keep off those that were gaining upon them. Down went one rider, and over him fell another," &c.

Pleasanter and more human spectacles were the many religious processions which are here described. That of the *Corpus Domini* at Venice possesses a peculiar feature which must make it comically pretty:—

"Following the priests belonging to the different parishes, and the long lines of friars, came numbers of sweet little children, with small skins fastened across their chests and backs, holding in one hand a staff, and, in some instances, leading a young lamb by the other. These diminutive prototypes (?) of the dweller in the wilderness, had no other clothing except the skins; and their pretty faces, their soft dimpled legs and arms, made every one smile tenderly upon them as they went by."

Our readers will, perhaps, wonder who is Miss Crichton, in what capacity or for what purpose she went to Italy, and why she stayed there six years. Unfortunately we cannot gratify their curiosity. The personal narrative is skilfully and delicately veiled throughout. We know nothing of her, but that she travelled with her parents, whom, with winning simplicity, she invariably entitles papa and mamma; that she had thoughts of making her *début* at La Scala, at Milan, and is of a romantic turn of mind, if we may judge from the very high-flown style in which she often writes. This is not, however, the only fault we would find with the writing of the book. The exceedingly loose English, and the unfortunate attempts at spelling which we continually meet with, show that there are some drawbacks even to a six years' residence in Italy. We trust she will, before she writes again, so far furbish up her knowledge of her mother-tongue as to write uniformly with grammatical precision, to make it an invariable rule that there should be an end as well as a beginning to her sentences, and not to astonish us with such very peculiar words as *alot*, *gladen*, &c. Attention to the strict meaning of words would also be desirable, and cause the avoidance of such startling statements as that the German Emperors were oftentimes wont to sleep *beneath* the massive walls of the castle of Oppenheim. In conclusion, we would remark, that far too much space is devoted to art criticisms, which, though Miss Crichton's may be very excellent in their way, we should prefer seeking in the pages of those who have made the subject their speciality.

## MR. SPENCER ON EDUCATION.\*

THE volume before us is a compendious treatise on the various principles which should underlie all systems of youthful education. It is an attempt to lay down certain fundamental conceptions, scientifically arrived at, which may replace the traditions and formulas that were, in the first instance, the result of an empiricism necessitated by the circumstances of the age in which they originated, and have ever since been accepted without care or examination; although all thoughtful minds, for the last half century at least, have been ready to admit that their operation has been utterly defective and pernicious. It is not to be wondered at in a transitional epoch like our own, when systems of all sorts, theological, political, and social, are being subjected to severe scrutiny, and when so many of them have been weighed in the balance and found wanting; when there is a disposition universally prevalent, not only amongst professed thinkers, but also in all the intelligent minds of the community, to receive as little as possible on trust, and to have all their beliefs and all their theories based on such grounds as to be little short of demonstrable; that an acute and powerful thinker like Mr. Spencer, should have devoted his attention to a subject whose importance is unsurpassed, but which as we have said has still been allowed to remain undisturbed on the shelf of venerable traditions. We do not deny that there has been much discussion within the last thirty years on education, but it has referred to its quantity rather than its quality, to its amount rather than its kind, to its diffusion rather than its improvement. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and latterly, some of the public school foundations, have been disturbed in their plethoric slumbers and forced to bestir themselves; but such efforts have been directed more immediately against the social and temporal abuses of these ancient establishments, than against the intellectual indolence and empiricism which their social and temporal advantages served to gild over with a false splendour. Neither do we deny that this order of reform is logically right, and that it would be useless to endeavour to improve the quality of education, so long as the improvement would only affect a limited class. We must be sure that we shall have guests, before providing the feast.

Hitherto, however, the term education has been received in a strangely restricted significance, and instead of including all the influences which contribute to the formation of character, and the development of the entire assemblage of faculties, people have supposed that it means no more than the instruction of the intellect, and the increase of intellectual power; and in accordance with this notion, the task of education has not been commonly commenced until the intellectual faculties have already grown with an unguided growth, into no small size and maturity. This ludicrously narrow conception of education is, at the present time, almost the only one in vogue. As for moral education, that is ordinarily imagined to be completely effected by instruction one day a week in the facts of Scripture, and initiation into the mysteries of the Catechism, and by discouraging in precepts, various vices which are at the same time encouraged by example. Writers even of very considerable intelligence and powers of reflection, have failed to perceive the breadth and extent of influences which education should aim at exercising; and whilst they avoid the vulgar error of confining them to those which affect the intellect merely,

and fully see that moral qualities are equally within their scope, they ignore the importance of physical education: although a very little thought on the subject would convince them how very defective and narrow must be all efforts in the two former departments, whilst the latter remains neglected and uncared for.

Mr. Spencer has placed the matter in a more full and complete light than any writer who has preceded him. He has shown that education is tripartite, and that it is conversant with the three divisions of intellectual, moral, and physical culture; that its uniform object should be development, of the mind and of the body; that the theory and practice of education is "the subject which involves all other subjects;" and, in short, that "to prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge." He divides the leading kinds of activity of human life under five heads:—those which directly minister to self-preservation; those which do this indirectly by securing a means of livelihood; those which have for their end the rearing of offspring; those which are concerned with the maintenance of social and political relations; and, lastly, those which fill up the leisure part of life, and conduce to the gratification of the tastes and feelings.

"Of course the ideal of education is—complete preparation in all these divisions. But failing this ideal, as in our phase of civilization every one must do more or less, the aim should be to maintain a *due proportion* between the degrees of preparation in each. Not exhaustive cultivation in any one, supremely important though it may be—not even an exclusive attention to the two, three, or four divisions of greatest importance; but an attention to all: greatest where the value is greatest; less where the value is less; least where the value is least. For the average man (not to forget the cases in which peculiar aptitude for some one department of knowledge, rightly makes pursuit of that one the bread-winning occupation)—for the average man, we say, the desideratum is a training that approaches nearest to perfection in the things which most subserve complete living, and falls more and more below perfection in the things that have more and more remote bearings on complete living."

After settling this much, the author proceeds to investigate what knowledge is of the most value for the proper discharge of these various activities, and arrives at a conclusion which those who cling ever so fondly to antiquated forms, will find it difficult to overthrow—that it is science which is best calculated to guide a man in maintaining his life and health, both directly and indirectly; in fulfilling the duties of a parent and a citizen; and in the judicious cultivation of his tastes and feelings. Scientific culture is the most valuable for guidance in the midst of the multitudinous affairs of life, and instruction in scientific truths is that most proper for preparatory discipline. The study of the sciences is superior to the study of words in all the most prominent points: it affords greater room for strengthening the memory, for it not only causes a much larger number of facts to be learnt, but establishes a connection between them in the mind; it cultivates the judgment, because it necessitates a habit "of drawing conclusions from data, and then of verifying those conclusions from observation and experiment;" it is constantly keeping up a healthy moral discipline, because it is constantly appealing to individual reason, and to a desire to attain the truth; and it confirms religious sentiments, because the more we reflect upon, and examine into, the phenomena, the more shall we reflect also upon their great Cause.

Such is a brief outline of Mr. Spencer's masterly argument for the advantages of

scientific culture over the mere learning of languages; whether ancient or modern. Those who remember Sydney Smith's Essay on *Too Much Latin and Greek*, will notice how vastly the question has advanced since that time. Our space makes it quite impossible for us to expound the details which Mr. Spencer enters into on the subject of intellectual education. The fundamental principles of his scheme are, first, to make education as much as possible a matter of self-evolution; and secondly, that the efficiency of it is exactly proportionate to the gratification with which it is received.

We hasten, however, from this point, to an aspect of education which is strongly brought out by Mr. Spencer, and one which, to our minds, is of the extremest practical value.

"No rational plea can be put forward for leaving the Art of Education out of our curriculum. Whether as bearing on the happiness of parents themselves, or whether as affecting the characters and lives of their children and remote descendants, we must admit that a knowledge of the right methods of juvenile culture, physical, intellectual, and moral, is a knowledge of extreme importance. This topic should be the final one in the course of instruction passed through by each man and woman. As physical maturity is marked by the ability to produce offspring; so, mental maturity is marked by the ability to train those offspring."

If we consider the high degree of importance which almost all Englishmen are inclined theoretically to attribute to the domestic influences, it is truly marvellous how little attention is commonly given to shaping and directing them. Parents are, in the majority of cases, entirely unready to perform the various functions which the parental character involves. The new-born infant finds an abundance of flannel, long-clothes, caps, and cradle accommodation, prepared for its reception; but its satisfaction at this, and its crows and chucklings in the strange joy of mere animal existence, would receive a severe check, if it could understand that the complacent-looking father, and the beaming young mother, who bend over its cradle, are scarcely more alive to their manifold duties in its behalf, to the urgent necessity for care, and thoughtfulness and self-control, than the cow, as she patiently licks her new-born calf; if it could perceive that the whole tenor of its future, much of its happiness and much of its misery, its success or its failure, are in the hands of beings who no more apprehend the vast responsibilities of their position than somnambulists apprehend the danger of theirs. There is something frightful in the levity with which the parental responsibility is constantly assumed, and in the inconceivably silly style of congratulation which commonly attends the birth of a child. The political economist looks with abhorrence upon a man who brings children into the world whom he has not the means of supporting physically; and must not the moralist regard him with an abhorrence still more profound, if he is still more ready to do so, when utterly bare of means for their mental nurture? It is generally the very last thing that enters into the heads of people, to think whether they are in the least degree fitted for the practice of education. Strephon never asks whether the virgin Chloë is likely to develop into the matron Cornelia; and the thoughtful man cannot realize without a shudder that that empty-headed, smiling thing in white will probably have the formation of a certain number of human characters, and the destinies of a certain number of human beings, in very great measure dependent upon her.

The results of the want of care and of sense of responsibility in undertaking the obligation

\* Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By Herbert Spencer. (Manwaring.)



of parentage are most apparent. Childhood is, by tradition, the happiest period of existence. But, to borrow the words of the poet,—

"Was the day of my delight  
As pure and perfect as I say?"

There are times, indeed, in which a man's soul seems overwhelmed with the harassing cares and crushing anxiety of the world's business, when his mind turns in wistful yearning to the old childish days, which knew no care, and brought no anxiety; and there are moments when the sound of a voice or the tones of music fill the imagination with dreamy reminiscences of a far-off home, and parents, and brothers, and sisters, and playmates; and perhaps too the aching happiness of a certain new kind of passion serves to recall, by contrast, the tranquil trust of a mother's love. And this halo with which we love to encircle the old image of home, is a thousand-fold brighter if we are sitting under the shadow of the cypress, and the grave has set its gulf between the present and the past.

But if we put aside these abnormal states of feeling, and look with dispassionate calmness upon the real aspect of the ordinary English home, we find much to deplore and condemn; we find that it is constantly the scene of violent and unnatural struggling between parents and children, and brothers and sisters; we find that excessive indulgence, or else excessive harshness, or else, worst of all, a feeble alternation from the one to the other, is the ordinary makeshift for the self-control, the ever-watchful care, and the benign sympathy which ought to characterize the parental relationship. Of course, as the parents themselves have never learnt any consistent theory of existence, nor ever got any conviction of the all-importance of education, we can scarcely expect them to show any great skill in it. The fact is that they become parents before they know what duties the position demands; and consequently, like a man who rises late, they never overtake the work which they neither prepared for, nor anticipated. If English parents performed their parental functions with the same amount of zeal and judgment that they show in less important affairs, and if the English home were as good and delectable an atmosphere as traditional affection supposes it to be, there could not possibly exist such stupid vice, such contented ignorance, such indolent narrowness of view, as now characterize and disgrace large portions of English society.

The system of discipline which Mr. Spencer wishes all parents to adopt as the only one practically satisfactory, is that by what he calls natural reactions; that is to say, by substituting "the impersonal agency of nature for the personal agency of parents." Let a child learn by experience what things it is best to avoid. Better allow it to burn its finger in the flame, and feel the consequent pain, than interfere and prevent it from learning a practical and experiential lesson such as will never be forgotten. If a boy breaks his knife or spoils his toy, let him continue to find the natural consequence, namely, being without it. If he over-eats himself, why whip him, or punish him in any way, beyond leaving him to undergo the inconvenience which inevitably follows upon his indiscretion? If he is persistently late in rising, he must find that he misses his breakfast; if he tears his clothes, he must go in rags, or sew them up as he best can, until such time as they would in ordinary circumstances have been replaced. We cannot imagine a system which would more thoroughly recommend itself to a reflecting parent. It familiarizes the child with the supremely important conception that all human events are

the inevitable results of certain causes; if he sets the cause in operation, the result will infallibly ensue. But we will leave the author himself to enumerate the various advantages he finds in the principle which he so ably advocates:—

"Among the advantages of this method we see:—First; that it gives that rational knowledge of right and wrong conduct which results from personal experience of their good and bad consequences. Second; that the child, suffering nothing more than the painful effects of its own wrong actions, must recognize more or less clearly the justice of the penalties. Third; that recognizing the justice of the penalties, and receiving them through the working of things rather than at the hands of an individual, its temper is less disturbed; while the parent, fulfilling the comparatively passive duty of letting the natural penalties be felt, preserves a comparative equanimity. Fourth; that mutual exasperations being thus prevented, a much happier, and a more influential relation, will exist between parent and child."

And further, this principle is the foundation of a discipline which is as beneficent for the parent as it is for the child. It implies in the father and perhaps still more in the mother, habits of thoughtfulness and self-control, whose enormous value it is impossible to over-rate. The fact, that the operation of this method would tend beneficially in all its directions, upon the parents, upon the child, upon society and mankind, is a conclusive proof that the method is according to nature. If it benefited the child at the expense of the parent, we might be sure of its being radically faulty. As it is, children are seldom viewed by the majority of parents in any light but that of chastisement, rebuking and repression. There is little confidence where there should be nothing else. The notion of treating a child as a rational being, of regarding his curiosity, his animal spirits, his mischievousness, as the implanted instincts of the future man, which it is for them to guide and illuminate, seems seldom or never to enter the ordinary parental mind. That the home is to be something more than a bear-garden on the one hand, or an austere prison-house on the other; that it is to be a scene of discipline for the parents, and discipline for the children; that it is to be so conducted that when in after life its inmates find themselves grown-up men and women, with new duties in new spheres, they may look back upon this with more than traditional love and respect, as the school where they learnt all that is best and highest in them;—all this it enters not into the hearts of most parents to conceive; and hence it comes that to so many of us home means a small room at the top and back of the house, with bars before the window, with bare walls and bare floors, and a stupid, silly, perhaps unkind woman, for gaoler; whilst to others, home means an atmosphere of priggish stiffness, where every natural and healthy instinct withered away in an asphyxia of compulsory silence, unwholesome quietness, and unchildlike cleanliness. We fully believe that if Mr. Spencer's principles were acted upon, and if the parents abstained as far as possible from all prohibition and interference, if they looked upon the education of their children as the most important of their duties, because implying an equally persistent education of themselves, we should find our homes become happier, our children better, and ourselves more fitted to lead a life "such as beings with highly developed faculties would care to have."

We have left ourselves only space enough to allude to Mr. Spencer's views on physical education. His conclusions and precepts upon this point will doubtless be subjected to much hostile criticism. He dwells more particularly on three requisites, namely, abundance and

variety of substantial food; abundance of warm clothing; and moderation in mental application. For ourselves, we are inclined to believe in the soundness of his views on all three points; but the discussion of them would involve us in physiological considerations which would require more room for their due exposition than we can spare. Whether Mr. Spencer be right or wrong in the details, he certainly deserves our gratitude for calling attention to the crying necessity for increased care in the physical education of the young. Apart from the enormous number of infants who are annually massacred by the voluntary ignorance of parents, we need only look to the condition of large portions of the living and adult community to understand how urgent is the need for a different comprehension of, and obedience to, the laws of physiology.

It is unnecessary to go beyond our own acquaintance to see the curse which ignorance of the laws of health entails. We most of us know a friend who can describe the sensations of dyspepsia or hypochondriasis, arising from a careless mode of life, which a timely knowledge of even the rudiments of physiology would have altogether obviated. He can tell us how he rises in the morning with a dense haze over his mind; a dull, gnawing, threatening pain in his head; heaviness in his eyes; and deadly languor in his limbs: he can tell us the black hopeless aspect which the day's work presents, and with what prostration of spirit he goes through that work; he can tell us how he eats his meals without appetite, takes his exercise without elasticity, meets what should be pleasurable to him without pleasure; how he gloomily seeks his joyless rest, and how, after a night when sleep has not refreshed him, nor repose renewed his energies, he begins another day of weariness and despair. Like the Jews of old, we inquire, "Have his parents sinned, or he?" We cannot forbear quoting for the benefit of all who are wasting their lives, and scattering their talents by physical carelessness, Mr. Spencer's emphatic and just remonstrance:—

"Perhaps nothing will so much hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for, as a diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality. Men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Disorders entailed by disobedience to Nature's dictates, they regard simply as grievances: not as the effects of a conduct more or less flagitious. . . . The fact is, that all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins. When this is generally seen, then, and perhaps not till then, will the physical training of the young receive the attention it deserves."

In conclusion, we have to thank the author for this most valuable contribution to a neglected branch of knowledge. His work is a truly scientific treatise on the Art of Education, consisting of precepts based on the mediate principles of Ethology, themselves derived from the scientific generalizations of Psychology.

It would be absurd, however, to anticipate any wide acceptance for the doctrines advocated by Mr. Spencer in the volume before us, until a theory of human life begins to obtain, very different from that makeshift which now forms the stay and guide of most human beings. People must first learn to believe the truth of Cicero's dictum,—"*Nulla pars vite vacat officio*;" that there is no hour, no position, no office without a duty and a responsibility; that the slipshod, slovenly, and uncertain principles on which they now profess to base their actions, must be replaced as swiftly as may be, by carefully reasoned and consistent views, which shall serve for foul as well as fair wea-

ther, and which neither the frost of adversity shall nip, nor the sun of prosperity melt. If we would but recognize the fact that nothing is unimportant, nothing without some cause and some effect; that we commit no action which does not have an influence on the young and the old around us; and that we have in our children the seed-field of the future, wherein every act of self-renunciation and self-control and every high and good motive on our part shall eventually bring forth fruit an hundredfold; there would then be some chance of men looking upon life as a perfect web, laboriously woven, instead of that confused tangle of thrums and patches which most of us now make it.

#### ANTIQUITIES OF THE UNITED STATES.\*

AN Englishman who had just returned from a long residence in North America, had a few hours to spare on the day of his arrival in Liverpool. He hurried off to Chester, to spend them in that curious old city, so rich in memorials of men and times that had passed away. He longed for a sight of something ancient and venerable, something hallowed by time, sacred in its suggestive recollections of men and ideas of a bygone age. He revelled in its picturesque streets, its houses of quaint forms and elaborate carvings, its walls, its grand old mouldering churches. That was the greatest treat he could think of on his return from the Western world, where all connected with man appeared so new and upstart, so flat, uniform, and utilitarian. No doubt, the forest and the prairie, the mountain and the river, the freshness of nature, and the haunts of the wild man or the wild animal, untrodden by the march of civilization, have their peculiar charms; while we cannot but be pleased with the evidences of wonderful progress, the cheerful aspect, and the taste displayed in the American cities. The American lives greatly in the future, ever craving for novelty, and rejoicing in his conquests over the wilderness and his anticipations of coming greatness. The European mind, reared amidst monuments of the great of old, delights to linger on the past, gazes with a sort of rapture on visible, tangible objects which recall old races, old times, old ideas, over which it falls into a pleasing reverie of antiquarian worship. That kind of training, and the feelings it creates, are as yet but imperfectly developed in America.

But the United States are not without a certain description of antiquities, with a considerable degree of interest attached to them. St. Augustine, in Florida, was begun by the Spaniards in the year 1564, and Santa Fe, in New Mexico, a little later,—a very respectable degree of antiquity for America. The first British settlement, at Jamestown, in Virginia, was commenced in the year 1607. Now there are only ruins on this interesting site; Norfolk, at the mouth of the river, and Richmond, higher up, having been found more convenient stations. New York (the old Manhattan, and subsequently New Amsterdam) traces its origin so far back as the year 1614; and at this day, in the midst of flaunting modern structures in the newest style, may be seen the quiet-looking, unpretending Dutch church of the early colonists, now applied to the profane purpose of a post-office for the modern Gotham. Boston and New York have their Historical Societies, in the museums of which may be seen various interesting relics of

colonial times and of the struggle for independence, carefully preserved and cherished with a laudable pride. In the former city may still be seen Faneuil Hall, celebrated for its enthusiastic meetings nearly a hundred years ago, to protest against stamp acts, taxation without representation, &c. Close to it stood a few years since, (lately taken down or condemned to that fate,) what was then the oldest house in Boston, with the date 1680 upon it,—an old-fashioned-looking building, with the peaked roof, projecting upper floors, and other characteristics of bygone days, such as may still be seen in Chester and Warwick. This was the only house of the kind in Boston, where fires, the extension of trade, and the march of improvement have rooted out the old tenements, and replaced them with architecture of modern times, not always very picturesque. Perhaps the most interesting building in the great modern cities of the United States is Independence Hall, in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, in which the famous Declaration of Independence was resolved on, and signed, in the year 1776. This was the old State House, a large handsome brick building, in the style of the time of Queen Anne or the early Georges. A copy of the document, with its original signatures, is preserved in the Patent Office at Washington. The first copy of the Declaration is kept at the State Paper Office at that city. In the Patent Office we may see a fragment of the rock at Plymouth, on which the Pilgrim Fathers from the 'Mayflower' landed in 1620; a piece of the tree under which Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians in 1682; the press at which Franklin worked when a journeyman printer; several of the treaties between the States and the European powers during the first contest with Britain; the uniform which Washington wore when he resigned his commission at Annapolis; and many other interesting relics.

But antiquities of a much higher order than these are claimed for the United States. First, the Danes set up a claim for their ancestors, the Sea Kings of old. It is now sufficiently established that about the year 1000 A.D. the Scandinavians, who colonized Iceland and Greenland, discovered the north-eastern coasts of North America in the course of their voyages, and that they subsequently visited the new western regions several times, having gone as far south as Rhode Island and Connecticut, but without forming any permanent settlements. The Danish antiquaries have endeavoured to show that at least two permanent vestiges of these visits of the Northmen are to be found in New England—an inscription on a rock, and a curious circular building of stone. Experienced antiquarians of Copenhagen, having examined copies of this inscription, pronounced it to be Runic, and interpreted the characters as a memorial of the occupation of the country by the Scandinavian navigators; but they admitted that there are other characters upon it not Runic, which they suppose to have been added by the Indians. But subsequent investigations by American archaeologists have cast serious doubts upon the correctness of the Danish interpretation. It appears that the Algonkin Indians have a form of symbolic characters called "Kekewin," or "teachings," which prevails among the tribes from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi. Mr. Schoolcraft, the distinguished American antiquarian, being acquainted with an intelligent Indian chief, named Chingwauk, requested him to decipher the inscription. He took the copy to his lodge, conferred with other wise men of his tribe, and decided it to be Indian, referring to a battle between two tribes;

but there were some of the characters which he threw out, as having no meaning in the Indian sense. Several of these were the characters claimed as Runic. Subsequently Mr. Schoolcraft had a new copy of the inscription taken very carefully by the daguerreotype process; from which he came to the conclusion that the inscription was entirely Indian, without those traces of Runic letters and Roman figures which were thought to be discernible in previous copies. It would thus appear that the inscription on this celebrated Dighton Rock, which has been the subject of much controversy, is Indian rather than Scandinavian.

When it became established by the Danish records that the Northmen had been acquainted with the coasts of America, and visited them frequently, it appeared surprising that no enduring memorials of their visits should be found—no wall, mound, fort, or other vestige that would point to a people who built ships and houses, and practised many of the arts of civilized life. At last the Danish antiquarians heard of a singular old building at Newport, Rhode Island, the origin of which was enveloped in some obscurity; and having had drawings of it forwarded to them, seized upon it with amusing avidity, and pronounced it to be the work of Scandinavian settlers, long before the discovery of America by Columbus. This mysterious structure consists of eight stone pillars arranged circularly, connected by semi-circular arches and supporting above a circular stone wall. The diameter of the pillars is nearly three feet, their height ten feet. The diameter of the building is twenty-three feet, its height twenty-four feet. It terminates abruptly above, and there seems no indication of any former wooden superstructure. It stands in an open place or square in the upper part of the town of Newport, where it is visited by the crowds of strangers who resort to that favourite watering-place in summer; and gives rise to much conjecture and speculation, for it is an undoubted curiosity and antiquity, though there is much difference of opinion as to the degree of antiquity to be assigned to it.

As with the mounds and hollows in which the learned Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, in Scott's *Antiquary*, discerned the remains of a Roman camp, and plumed himself on having discovered the spot on which the famous action was fought near the Mons Grampius; while the profane Edie Ochiltree rudely interrupted his pleasing dream with, "Prætorium here, prætorium there; I mind the bigging o't"—so there are two theories as to the Newport relic; one, of the Danish antiquaries, and another by scoffers in the United States, who have the hardihood to assert that it is only an old stone mill erected by some of the early settlers. Neither party, however, has the advantage of any decided fact on their side, as Edie Ochiltree had; no one minds the building of it; nor are there any very definite records as to this important point; so there is a certain amount of uncertainty regarding its history, enough at least to envelope it in a thin covering of archaeological haze, and thus give some scope for conflicting theories. The antiquarians of Copenhagen find a striking analogy between it, and various ancient Scandinavian edifices, and assign to it a date not later than the twelfth century. They recognize in it the style of the ante-Gothic architecture which spread from Italy after the time of Charlemagne over the west and north of Europe. They refer to and give drawings of other circular structures, including Mellifont Abbey in the county Louth, in Ireland, and conclude that the Newport building was erected by Scandinavians, settled or designing to settle there, and that it was intended by

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them as a baptistery. But this Danish theory has to encounter several very serious objections. It is quite inconceivable, if so peculiar and solid a structure—solid compared with Indian wigwams—existed on the island previous to its settlement by Europeans in the seventeenth century, that it should not have attracted their notice, excited a deep interest, and have been specially mentioned by them; and thus public attention, and the attention of historians and antiquarians, been drawn to it. Newport was not without its Evelyn or Pepys. Peter Easton, one of the earliest settlers, kept a gossiping journal, in which there is no mention of so remarkable a structure having been found on Rhode Island by the first explorers. The rumour of so singular an edifice, in the midst of forests and wigwams, must have spread and excited inquiries. This ominous silence is almost fatal to the theory of its Scandinavian origin.

It is manifest from the drawings in M. Rafn's treatise (*La Découverte de l'Amérique au dixième siècle*), that he had been in some degree misled as to the nature of the building. It there appears as a somewhat elaborate structure, formed of large stones carefully cut and dressed, and with a certain finish about it, such as we should expect in an edifice designed for religious purposes. But it is not so. It is built in the rudest manner, and has a very rough aspect indeed. It is composed of stones picked up from the fields, without any shaping or dressing, laid together in mortar, and so loose in their hold on one another, that we cannot imagine it to have endured for six hundred years. Further, one Benedict Arnold, towards the close of the seventeenth century, bequeaths it to his heirs under the designation of "my stone-built windmill." It is certainly possible that he may have found it there before he came, and ingeniously applied it to use as a windmill; but the use of the word "built" seems to imply that he built it himself; otherwise he would hardly have said more than "my stone windmill." The only difficulty in this explanation is the peculiar structure of the mill, being of rather an unusual form for that homely piece of architecture. But our Rhode Island gossip, Peter Easton, mentions that, in 1663, the first windmill was built, and that it was blown down by a storm in 1675. If we conjecture that upon this, Arnold proceeded to erect a more solid structure, which should also be more safe from fire, we have the origin of "my stone-built windmill," which he mentions in his will, dated two years later. It is easier to believe that Arnold built this peculiar edifice as a mill, and gave it rather a singular form, than that such a building should have met the eyes of the first explorers and settlers, and no notice of so remarkable a discovery ever reached the public ear. It is said, that in the part of Warwickshire from which the Arnolds came (not far from Leamington), there was an old stone windmill of a somewhat similar form, the chief difference being that the pillars were square, not circular. Upon the whole, there seems every reason to conclude with Mr. Haven, that, while the practicability of a passage to America by Iceland and Greenland was early demonstrated by the Northmen, "we are justified by the present aspect of the question in assuming that the Scandinavians have left no mark of residence, linguistic, physical, or monumental, to prove that they have, primarily or secondarily, been important contributors to the peopling of the New World."

But the most genuine and the most singular of the antiquities of the United States are the earthworks, which have been found so thickly scattered in Ohio and the adjoining States,

and have so much perplexed the American archaeologists. These curious remains are of three classes,—enclosures, consisting of complex and extended series of embankments; simple tumuli, or mounds; and emblematic earthworks, representing figures of animals and other objects. Numbers of the enclosures are obviously military works or fortifications, which probably had palisades upon their embankments for more complete protection. They are often contiguous to water, cutting off the bends of rivers, and guarding the enclosed space from access by land. The walls are generally double, and the ditch always *without*. In some places, walls of stone are found; and there are numerous gateways or openings. Other enclosures appear to have been formed for religious rites and ceremonies; these are often in exactly-formed circles or squares, with walls of low elevation, being from three to seven feet in height; and sometimes enclose pyramidal mounds, flat on the summit, with graded paths of ascent, and apparently adapted for altars. The tumuli, or mounds, have been described as of four kinds: *sacrificial* mounds, with human bones, beads, pipes, images, and various ornaments at the base, all of which seem to have been subjected to the action of fire; *sepulchral* mounds, usually containing a single skeleton, enveloped in bark or coarse matting; *temple* mounds, resembling the Mexican structures, on which sacred edifices were situated; and others, which give indications of having been erected as mounds of *observation*. In the State of Wisconsin, between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, there are found numerous earthworks of quite another character; of little elevation, though sometimes of considerable extent, and exhibiting the figures of lizards, turtles, birds, bears, foxes, and men, combined with straight lines, angles, crosses, curves, and other simple embankments. No other prominent relics have been discovered in this region: the remains of protective and ceremonial enclosures are almost entirely wanting; and only in some mounds of more recent date are found the ornaments and utensils usually placed in the graves of the aborigines. These singular pictorial or symbolic earthworks were observed first by Mr. Lapham, in 1836. From their low elevation and great horizontal extent, they long escaped the notice of travellers. Mr. Haven remarks of them—"pictorial writing on so immense a scale, with a sovereign State for a tablet, is a phenomenon unparalleled in monumental history." Mr. Schoolcraft considers them sepulchral or monumental in their character, and as designed to preserve the names of esteemed chiefs or other honoured individuals. This view he rests on the fact that by the system of names imposed upon the men composing the Algonkin, Iroquois, Cherokee, and other nations, a fox, a bear, a turtle, &c., is fixed upon as a badge or stem, from which the descendants may trace their parentage.

It would appear that in the valley of the Mississippi, or in the United States generally, there are no remains indicating the presence of nations so far advanced in civilization as the Mexicans, Central Americans, or Peruvians; no ruins of temples, or other structures of stone; no traces of roads and bridges; no evidences of arts and manufactures, employing separate classes of the population. This seems conceded on all hands. But there are wide differences of opinion respecting the earthworks so numerous in the basin of the Mississippi, and more particularly those in the south of Ohio. Some, with Mr. Schoolcraft and General Cass, are of opinion that they were constructed by tribes in the same stage of

manners, customs, and skill in the arts, as are found in the later tribes of Indians. Others see, in such works as the great enclosures at Marietta and Chillicothe in the south of Ohio, evidences of a higher stage of civilization than that reached by any Indian tribe known to Europeans. They trace in them unity of design, concentrated authority, and combined physical effort, the presence of large bodies of disciplined men, regular means of subsistence, permanent relations to the soil, and habits inconsistent with a nomadic life. They consider the sacred enclosures, the mounds of adoration or sacrifice, the avenues approaching guarded places of entrance, as indicating the religious ceremonials of a populous community accustomed to meet for the observance of solemn and imposing rites. With these inferences from the character and magnitude of the earthworks, they combine the fact stated by President Harrison, that the attractive banks of the Ohio, on either side, were without permanent occupants at the advent of European settlers, and the mysterious appellation of "the dark and bloody ground," handed down by Indian tradition to the region (Kentucky) on the south of the Ohio. From these they imagine, in far-back times, a thickly-peopled country, a race considerably more advanced in civilization than the Indians we have known, and some terrible conflict, or series of conflicts, by which this people has been destroyed, a vast region rendered desolate, and a superstitious dread of it implanted in the minds of the neighbouring tribes. Some have conjectured that the Aztecs, on their way towards Mexico from the north-west, made a detour by the Ohio valley, rested there some time, constructed those vast mounds and enclosures, and were driven south after a long and bloody contest. But these are the dreams of the antiquarian; the mounds of the Ohio valley will, most probably, ever remain one of the mysteries of history.

The work of Mr. Haven, extending to one hundred and sixty-eight large quarto pages, is full of most interesting matter. It is a most able digest of our present knowledge as to the antiquities of the United States, highly creditable to himself, as well as to the Institution which thus fosters and promotes scientific and antiquarian research.

#### EDWARD FORBES.\*

So far from the pacific civilization of modern times having extinguished the special virtues popularly identified with the chivalrous ages, it is a question, to our minds, whether those very qualities of courage, patience, loyalty, and faith, have not found in the opportunities of quiet unwarlike intellectual life a more appropriate scope, and ampler measure of development. Look, for instance, at the career of the devoted, adventurous enthusiast for physical discovery. To battle with nature in her savage or her sullen moods, to pursue her through the perils of ocean tempest, and the deadly breath of continental miasma; to wring from her slow-yielding grasp, the key to her buried treasures or the spell of her mystic forces; to watch, with sinking frame and failing brain, for the flash that shall light whole generations to endless vistas of discovery;—toils and contests such as these are surely worth no less meed of praise, as they are no less fraught with blessings to mankind, than the search for the Sangreal, or the martial glory of the crusades. In our representative men of genius and science, we may

\* *Memoir of Edward Forbes, F.R.S.* By George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E., and Archibald Geikie, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. (Macmillan.)

actually see revived, without the selfishness and the savagery, all that was truly ennobling or beneficent in paladin or martyr. It is interesting to trace the influences which contribute to mould, from his earliest growth, the intellectual and moral stature of such an one as we have thus ventured to contemplate in fancy; or such an individual exemplar as lately lived and toiled among us, now depicted from the memory of mourning friends in the graphic pages of the present memoir.

Edward Forbes was a native of the Isle of Man; and the writer of the first part of his biography has prefaced his narrative with a short, but succinct, account of the history and physical features of that island principally. Lonely, sea-girt, and looking proudly round upon the hills that on three sides rise above the main from the broad bosom of England, Wales, and Scotland; in her laws and customs boasting to be independent of the British Parliament, and to belong to England neither by colonization nor conquest,—*The Island*, as her sons lovingly term her,—such a birthplace formed the natural cradle for a certain quaintness and independence of character which, through life, was stamped upon the temperament of her greatest naturalist. From the blood of diverse races mingling in his veins, and manifest in his striking *physique*, was derived in no small degree that comprehensiveness, versatility, and many-sidedness which formed a no less striking feature of his genius. His mother was of an old Manx family, and from her he inherited landed property in the island; so that his patriotism as a Manxman was ancestrally rooted in the soil. The spirit of adventure, and more especially a passion for the sea, in all its moods and phases, burned natively in one who could look back to his remote parentage among the Vikings of Scandinavian chivalry, and keep alive the traditions of many a daring exploit of the sea-rovers and buccaneers of a pristine, and the smugglers of a more recent age. The distinctive features of Manx scenery are no less fitted to nurse the same romantic tendency in a sympathetic mind. Lofty ridges, swelling here and there into irregular mamelons or bosses a thousand feet above the ocean level, glens and rugged chimes running down to the sea-margin, here bold jutting cliffs, and there broad sweeping bays, diversify the mainland with endless beauties of hill and dale, and project long shifting shadows over the clear water as it ebbs and flows upon the island shore. A climate tempered by the moist breath of the great Gulf-stream from the tropics, clothes the inland valleys and plains with floral beauty, offering a pleasant home to the invalid, and exhaustless fields of study to the botanist and insect collector. Relics of primeval edifices, monuments of races long gone by, blend with the signs of present busy teeming labour in a picture of life full of interest to the lover of humanity. The spars and fossils of its shores formed thus a school of geology, the wild plants of its valleys gave lessons in botany, the bays of Douglas and Ramsay opened glimpses of those ocean revelations, which have since made their author famous. Their united teachings issued in the rare training of one who was to gain a name in after life as both artist, naturalist, and philosopher.

David Forbes, the great-grandfather of our subject, having taken refuge in the island from the penalties that hung over the loyal Jacobites in the '45, and married a Manx lady, was the cause of his descendants finally settling in Man. The men of the family were marked by great energy and force of character, fond of travel, freehanded and social, given to spend rather than to save. Their roving spirit is evidenced

in one uncle who died in Demerara, another in Surinam, a third who became the petty king or sultan of an African tribe, a brother drowned in Australia, another killed by accident in America, a third happily earning fame as one of the best of living mineralogists; and most conspicuously in the lamented Edward Forbes himself, whose happiest hours were spent in travelling through strange lands, and dredging in unfathomed seas. He was born at Douglas, February 12, 1815, second and eldest surviving son of Edward Forbes, Esq., of Oakhill and Croukbane, and of Jane, eldest daughter and heiress of William Teare, Esq., of the Corvalla and Ballabeg, Isle of Man. From her, besides many admirable qualities of mind and heart, he inherited largely the ideal and aesthetic elements of character, and, in particular, a passionate love of flowers. He was brought up under his parents' roof, with but scanty opportunities of formal education, until, at the age of sixteen, it became necessary to make choice of a profession. His mother wished him to be a clergyman, and sought to foster this idea by laying books of religion in his way. His father aimed at making him a physician; but the whole bent and tenor of the lad's disposition made him long to be a naturalist. Delicate in early youth, threatened with pulmonary disease, and disinclined to the rough sports of boyhood, his childish hours were made happy by accumulating and studying the varied forms of nature.

"Somewhere about his seventh, eighth, or tenth year, we alight upon him as a confirmed naturalist. His father has built for him a museum at his country-house. His sister is installed as curator. His playmates are under requisition to bring contributions from all quarters. Minerals, fossils, shells, dried sea-weeds, hedge-flowers, and dead butterflies, accumulate around him, and hours are spent in arranging and classifying them.

"With his twelfth year better health sets in, and he is free to ramble as he pleases. He goes to a day-school, despatches his lessons with a rapidity provoking to his master, who would fain make him a classical scholar, but has no other fault to find with him than that he is constantly drawing grotesque figures on his books, and helps the stupider boys with their lessons. Out of school, he takes no part in athletic exercises, in boisterous play, or in battle. He quarrels with no one, and no one dreams of quarrelling with him. The other boys, however, observe with surprise that he never passes a stone in the grass without turning it up to see if there are worms or other 'beasts' below it. He has an unaccountable fancy for gathering weeds, and filling his pockets with creeping things. A tame lizard has a pocket to itself, and there seems to be a mysterious freemasonry between him and all the cats and dogs he meets. No one, old or young, sympathizes with him in these tastes, or directly encourages them. The servants about him regard what they term weed-gathering and catching flies in the air as proofs of incipient madness, and hint as much to their superiors. His grandmother, though she dearly loves him, and does her very best to spoil him, listens with half assent to these opinions, and denounces them in the Manx tongue, which, however, he does not understand, as prospectively the greatest fool in the Isle of Man."

Often would he accompany the fishermen to the oyster-banks in Ballaugh Bay, for the purpose of dredging for mollusca and other marine products, charming his rough companions by his geniality and simple friendliness. An earnest enthusiasm fired him in all his pursuit of knowledge; his very lessons were termed his amusements; and from this intense perception of nature, fostered by this constant loving study of every object, however seemingly trivial, many new and pregnant truths flashed upon his intelligence in a way that recalls to our thoughts much of the kindred discoveries

of Newton. The aged rector of Ballaugh thus relates an episode of his early youth:—

"His uncle mentioned to me that one day when Professor Forbes and he were together at his grandmother's, the former was examining with the microscope some small marine animals, when he suddenly started up and sprang out of the room. On his return, his uncle inquired the cause of his acting in a manner apparently so frantic, and, his face beaming with delight, he told them he had made an important discovery; that a certain theory had been put forth on the subject, which he had just been examining; that he had always disbelieved it, and now had ocular demonstration of its erroneousness, and was so delighted with the discovery, that he scarcely knew what to do with himself. It reminds one of Archimedes running into the town, crying out *Εὕρηκα! Εὕρηκα!*"

A love of art was no less strikingly manifested by him from his earliest years. His pencil was never long out of his hand; and while his accurate perception was displayed in his graphic mode of seizing on every typical feature of plant, or animal, or insect, his curious fancy led him to invest them with an ideal and generally comical aspect, and to blend them in grotesque and amusing combinations. His Latin and other exercises were habitually illustrated by vagaries of this kind; and often were his knuckles rapped for bringing up tasks as difficult to decipher, through these marginal embellishments, as a cuneiform inscription. This precocious talent for drawing was unluckily the means of flattering his friends, and eventually himself, into the belief that his appropriate calling was that of art. Beyond the use of the pencil, he had ventured, with remarkable success for one so young, into the field of painting in oils; and more than one composition or study of nature in this more trying material is said to witness to this day the promise of his dawning powers. Induced thus to abandon the calling either of medicine or the church, his resolution was taken to devote himself formally to that of a painter. In June, 1831, accordingly, we find him in London, offering himself, with his portfolio of sketches in hand, for admission as a student at the Royal Academy, but, to his intense mortification, refused. Not giving up all hope, he placed himself under the tuition of Mr. Sass, an artist distinguished for his success with pupils. So little encouragement, however, was held out by this candid judge towards making painting his profession, that after a few months' probation Forbes relinquished all thought of formally prosecuting it, returned for a few months to the Isle of Man, and then proceeded to Edinburgh, where he began the study of medicine, in November, 1831.

The progress universally made in the physical sciences during the last quarter of a century is nowhere more conspicuous than in the Scottish capital. Even at the date of Forbes's apprenticeship in academical study, her schools of practical and forensic medicine, chemistry, and physiology, were not to be surpassed in Europe. A vast impulse had just been imparted by the improved construction and developed use of the microscope, the combustion tube, the stethoscope, and other adjuncts to the science and art of the physician, followed up shortly after by the invaluable discovery of the various class of anæsthetic agents. The serious obstacles to profound anatomical study due to long-cherished prejudice and superstition were about to give way under the judicious provisions for the supply of subjects secured by the Warburton Anatomy Act. Able and strenuous professors,—Hope and Reid teaching Chemistry; Graham in the chair of Botany; and, above all, Jameson in that of Natural History,—kindled and fed the flame of phy-



sical research among the rising alumni of the university. With most of them Edward Forbes soon became on the terms not only of a diligent and active pupil, but of genial and lasting friendship. A year's residence and study made it clear to him and his friends that the vocation of the physician was not for him. His dislike to the practical part of the profession was unconquerable. The details of anatomy were too distasteful for him to master, and in the lecture-room his notes, after a few minutes of forced attention, degenerated into a strange medley of caricatures of professors, students, skeletons, and phantasms of the brain. Vagaries such as these were not long in drawing upon the audacious student the suspicions of his grave and reverend seniors. The dread of jealous retribution on their part, at the impending examination for the medical degree, worked upon his conscience. The sense of his weakness in the subject of anatomy made him despair of success; and brilliant as might have been his display of knowledge in chemistry, botany, and *materia medica*, he drew back from the ordeal, and at the hour of examination was *non inventus*. Thus ended Forbes's brief career in the medical profession. Henceforth, with the pent-up ambition of his previous years, he was to throw himself into the cherished mission of his genius—the study of Nature. His student-life, notwithstanding, had been no time of folly or inertia. Its studies, though not pursued in the same special lines as heretofore, had admirably fitted him for his new and comprehensive field of work. Even in his moments of leisure and diversion the same ardent, generous thirst for knowledge had found its play. In a less dry and mechanical form, science enlivened the convivial hours, when he formed the life and soul of his associates. Student-clubs sprang up mainly under his auspices; the *University Maga* put forth its sparkling and humorous, but always intellectual and kindly, *myge*; "literature and good fellowship" the standard of its rules. A still more esoteric and mysterious bond of union was formed amongst this circle, whose spirit was the extension of truth, and extinction of everything mean, illiberal, or "snobbish" from the academical world.

"As week after week the *Maga* appeared, this feeling continued to gather strength, until, on the 9th March, 1835, the 'Magi,' or members of the *Maga* club, resolved to found a brotherhood for mutual assistance and encouragement in their several spheres of occupation. C. E. Stewart continued president, 'Archi-Magus,' or 'Grand Master,' with Forbes, Macaskill, and Laughton, as his deputies. Canons were framed for the government of the order and the admission of members. The words ΟΙΝΟΣ, ΕΡΟΣ, ΜΑΘΗΣΙΣ (wine, love, learning) were adopted as the watchword. As outward symbols of their union, the members wore across the breast a narrow silk ribbon, rose-coloured and black, with the mystic letters O. E. M. worked into its texture; also a small silver triangle with the favourite Greek triad engraved thereon. Of these insignia, the triangle was to be worn at all meetings of the Order, while the ribbon was meant to be always visible across the breast. And this rule was by some of the members, such as Forbes, most conscientiously observed."

In the month of May, 1833, the young naturalist fairly embarked on the profession which he had made his third and final choice, starting on a tour through Norway, botanizing on the hills, and dredging in the fords of that still scarcely known, but teeming field of scientific research. The chief result of this trip lay in determining Forbes's mind towards the geographical distribution of plants, and paving the way for that enlarged philosophy of the diffusion of life, developed in his later

writings. The next summer was spent in dredging in the Irish Sea; and that following, in a longer tour through France, Switzerland, and Germany, from which he brought home an enlarged acquaintance with the Continental flora and fauna, as well as with the best European collections. In 1836, his rambles extended as far as Algiers, and formed the subject of an interesting paper in the *Annals of Natural History*. Seven species of freshwater mollusks, entirely new, formed his chief scientific triumph on that occasion. Returning from another continental trip, in 1838, he contributed a paper to the British Association at Newcastle, "On the Distribution of Terrestrial Pulmonifera in Europe," and was commissioned by the Association to draw up a report on that of pulmoniferous mollusca of the British Isles. At Edinburgh, in the winter, he first entered on the career of a lecturer on natural history, in which he was destined to acquire so much of his subsequent scientific fame. His paper on British mollusks was read at Birmingham in the following year, where Forbes, with other of the younger and more genial class of philosophers, united to found the convivial institution of "Red Lions," so called from the tavern where they met during the *séance* of the association, and perpetuated by them at its subsequent gatherings at York, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and elsewhere. In 1841 an epoch in his life was formed by the publication of his well-known *History of British Starfishes*. On the fading away of the vision, first of a chair of natural history to be formed in the University of St. Andrews, and then one actually vacant at Aberdeen, Forbes accepted gladly the post of naturalist to the expedition then preparing for the survey of the *Ægean* sea, its shores and islands, under the command of Captain Graves and Lieutenant Spratt, of H.M.S. *Beacon*. Aided by a grant of £100 from the council of the British Association, he was enabled to extend his dredging operations far and wide in the unexplored seas of Greece and the Levant, and cram every corner of the little vessel (sorely to the inconvenience of his sympathetic nautical friends) with endless specimens of minerals and plants, algæ and shells, bottled foraminifera and dissected rhizostoma. From April 1, to October 28, 1841, his time was thus occupied; with what valuable results to science, as detailed in his various literary publications, it is needless to particularize.

On his return, he found himself appointed Professor of Botany at King's College, an office of small value, which he was able to supplement towards the end of the year by that of Curator of the Geological Society. The amount of toil thus thrown upon his hands, in the way of lectures, classification and arrangement of the museum, scientific correspondence, and the exertions of inquiring *savans*, both acquaintances and strangers, soon began to tell upon his faculties and health; and he was delighted to escape from the drudgery of the latter appointment when placed by Sir Henry de la Beche upon the Geological Survey, in the capacity of palæontologist, with a salary of £300 a year. Family misfortunes had by this time rendered this slight increase of means a welcome boon to the underpaid professor. The principal field of his labours in that important department was in Ireland, and the Silurian range in Wales. But these official duties left abundant liberty for extensive visits of discovery to almost every nook and corner of the United Kingdom, and for contributions on wellnigh every point of natural science to periodicals and public institutions. A new and admirable palæontological map of the British Islands was contributed, in

1847, by his indefatigable hand to Keith Johnston's Physical Atlas. In 1848, a new prospect of happiness was opened to him by his marriage with Miss Ashworth, which took place on the 31st of August in that year. To a man of his deeply affectionate and emotional nature, life must have been invested with fresh and wider interest from the filling of this void; and his perceptions of nature assume in his writings and conversations a more vivid tone and colouring. Life in its varied forms was, indeed, the ideal world in which the spiritual nature of Edward Forbes loved to realize itself. In biology, the record of life in the past, and the philosophy of life as still existing in harmonious unity upon the earth, did he find the central point of all his studies, dreams, and aspirations. The warm and genial current that animated his simple, unselfish, truthful nature, seemed to beat in loving unison with all that was good and beautiful and true in living creation. But the ardent soaring spirit was pressed down by the corruptible body. Signs of declining health began to be alarmingly visible. Years of unrelaxed labour of the brain took their customary revenge upon a frame at no period robust, and now enervated by alternate close application and exposure in the cause of scientific truth. No slight amount of labour devolved upon him in the arrangement of the fossils in the Exhibition of 1851. In the same year the department of natural history as applied to geology and the fine arts was entrusted to him in the newly inaugurated Museum in Jermyn Street. His honourable ambition was now being crowned, ere he had well attained to middle life, by the highest position and most coveted prizes that a scientific career can hold out. One more distinction was to fall upon him. After a long and tantalizing candidature, he was nominated, in May, 1854, to what he had long regarded as the goal of his life and labours—the Professorship of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. The gratulations which ushered him into this chair were fully justified by the brilliant and attractive, yet profound and careful lectures which for a few short months evinced his unrivalled mastery over his theme. Poetic, while deeply philosophical, blending the ideal type of the Platonic with the inductive of the Aristotelian mind, he could hold forth a view of nature not as a lifeless, mechanical structure, but a living organism, framed and interfused by a vital active presence. In every grade of organized being he discerned the outward type of an inner divine thought.

"Edward Forbes, from the beginning of his career onwards to its close, was remarkable for constantly looking at nature, not as a mere piece of mechanism, obeying certain laws, and effecting certain results, but as a great visible manifestation of the ideas of God. No one could be further than he from the habit of introducing the Divine name, as is so often rashly done, into descriptions of natural objects, almost as it were for the sake of effect. Nothing roused his indignation more than what he called 'Bridgewater writing,'—well-meant, but foolish expositions of the argument from design. Rightly viewed, no one part of creation shows more than another the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. As His work, and as 'having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that He had made was good, that is, conformable to His will, which is the rule of order and beauty,' there can be no object in nature that does not equally manifest the design of its author. But Forbes loved to deal with the organic world as a world of type and symbol—an embodiment of the thoughts of the Creator. A genus was to him a divine idea that existed in its perfect form in the mind of God alone, and was only dimly shadowed forth to us. A species he regarded as the visible and individual, though partial manifestation of a generic idea, and the sum of all

the species of a genus as comprising all that man could know of the meaning of this idea."

Early in November of the same year, a severe chill, contracted during a trip to Dumfriesshire, proved too powerful for Forbes's weakened frame. Febrile symptoms of an alarming kind rapidly set in, followed by signs of an acute nephritic affection; and after a few days of increasing weakness, towards the close of which he plainly recognized and calmly spoke of the inevitable issue, he breathed his last gently and without pain on the evening of the 18th of November, 1854.

Nearly nine pages of appendix to this memoir are occupied by a list of Professor Forbes's contributions to various scientific organs, in addition to his more systematic and recognized publications. Of these not a few, both in prose and verse, adorned the pages of the *Literary Gazette*. Appended to each chapter are tail-pieces of singular drollery and no little artistic power, culled from the rough pen-and-ink sketches which seem to have streamed from his busy fancy over even his most serious compositions. We welcome this volume as a graceful tribute to the memory of as gifted, tender, and generous a soul as science has ever reared and prematurely lost.

#### POETRY.

*Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, at the Tomb of Washington.* (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co.) Few authors of established reputation regard with pride their University prize-poems. With the exception of Præd's *Athens*, no poem at all worthy of the after fame of a successful writer has won the prize at Cambridge. It is highly creditable to the discernment of the judges of the year in which Tennyson carried it off, that he could perceive the very peculiar merit of his *Timbuctoo*. Doubtless Mr. Myers will one day come to regard his production with the same amount of amusement which, we must frankly confess, it has afforded us. As a whole, the subject is very well treated, and the snare of sycophancy, which lay so evidently in the path, avoided in a most praiseworthy manner. It also possesses the merit of containing less than usual of that peculiar exalted swing, which can be characterized fitly by no other epithet than that of 'prize-poem.' Such lines, too, as

"Men's stormy hearts to warring lusts were given,  
And all the gentler virtues dwelt in Heaven,"

are worthy of better society than we find them in. The poet's holy rage against Louis Napoleon, and ardent desire for Teutonic unity, lead him into some very undignified and comical expressions. The French Emperor is reminded that once he "could not meet a huckster's weekly bill;" and the national defences are alluded to thus:—

"Though steel towers be spread  
Round every coast, and rifles guard each head;"

which is using the weapon for a purpose for which it was not strictly designed. But the most amusing lines are contained in the prophetic description of Albert Edward's Saturnian reign, when the fearful responsibility of that unfortunate prince will be such that we shall thank our more auspicious stars that we were not born in the Britannic purple, when we see

"To London tributary nations come,  
Inquire thy wishes, and accept their doom."

We sincerely trust, for the sake of all parties concerned, that such an event will not occur, until such time as a laurel shall spring out of the acorn which the Prince planted by Washington's tomb, or that equally far distant period when, in the words of the poem, lions shall

"Flesh their talons in each other's hair."

We regret that these and several equally curious lines should mar the effect of what has just missed being about as good a poem as could be expected on the subject.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Armenian Origin of the Etruscans.* By Robert Ellis, B.D. (Parker, Son, and Bourn.) When Lelie, in Molière's *Etourdi*, is endeavouring to pass himself off as an Armenian, and unfortunately speaks of Turin as a Turkish city, his servant Mascarille saves him from exposure, by declaring he meant to say Tunis, adding,

"Les Arméniens ont tous pour habitude  
Certain vice de langue à nous autres fort rude:  
C'est que dans tous les mots ils changent *nis en rin*,  
Et pour dire Tunis, ils prononcent Turin."

To which Trufaldin replies, not without reason,

"Il falloit, pour l'entendre, avoir cette lumière."

We cannot help suspecting that Mr. Ellis has borrowed a little of Mascarille's system in his Armenian rendering of Etruscan inscriptions. We do not distrust his veracity, and we have the highest opinion of his talent and scholarship; but his theory is so plausible, his method so exhaustive, and his results so triumphant, that we are afraid of believing in him. Had he confessed to an occasional overthrow, we might have been inclined to accept his story; but he claims to have so completely annihilated every obstacle, that we feel certain he must be concealing a defeat. Successive races of linguists have expended their energies in trying to solve the Etruscan problem. The venerable language has sat like the Sphinx by the philological roadside, propounding the riddle of its existence, and driving unnumbered victims to despair. As yet no Oedipus has manifested himself. Mr. Ellis, indeed, feels confident that he has fathomed the mystery; but we remember the assertions of his predecessors, and remain incredulous. Among the ancient writers there does not seem to have been much difference of opinion. Even the disciples of Micali must admit that there is not much weight in the arguments adduced by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, to prove that the Etruscans were an indigenous race; while considerable credit should be attached to the great mass of evidence in favour of their being a Lydian tribe. Who these Lydians themselves were is not very clear, but they must have been a strange people if there is any truth in the story told by Herodotus, how they struggled against a famine of eighteen years' duration, making up for the want of food by performing music and playing at football, till even these resources proved ineffectual, and they were forced to migrate into Italy. But in modern times numberless theories have been started, each warmly supported by its originator and his disciples, and ignominiously rejected by every one else. To use the words of Mr. Dennis, in his valuable work on the *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, "The origin of the Etruscans has been assigned to the Greeks, to the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Canaanites, the Libyans, the Basques, the Celts—an old and favourite theory, revived in our own days by Sir William Betham, who fraternizes them with his pets, the Irish—and lastly, to the Hyksos, or Shepherd-Kings of Egypt." The volumes written on the subject would fill a library, while the language itself has died away, leaving no trace of its existence beyond monotonous sepulchral inscriptions and a handful of stray words. Several writers have suggested that the Etruscans were a tribe from the Rætian Alps, conquerors of the earlier possessors of the land, the Tyrrhene Pelasgi; and Niebuhr has given the weight of his authority to this theory. Mr. Ellis adopts this view, but considers Rætia as merely one of the stations at which the tide of Asiatic emigrants paused on their way to Italy. He attempts to prove that the Armenians "once occupied a much greater extent of country, and were spread westward from Armenia to Italy, under the names of Phrygians, Thracians, Pelasgians, Etruscans, and other designations." With this view, he examines a list of Cappadocian, Phrygian, Lydian, Thracian, and other words, derived from the languages of the countries through which the line of migration passed, and, by dint of patient ingenuity, compels them to show Armenian features. He then proceeds to subject the few Etruscan words we are acquainted with to the same torture, and with a similar success. No doubt some of these words have a resemblance to their Armenian equi-

valents, and there appears to have been a considerable affinity between the languages; but when Mr. Ellis asserts that they were sister tongues, he seems to assume too much. In his list, containing twenty-nine Etruscan words, of which the meaning has been given, we find only six fair explanations derived from the Armenian; while the Celtic languages afford thirteen. This result is all in favour of Sir William Betham's clients, the Irish. In the same way, when we examine the inscriptions, the Celtic element predominates over the Armenian. Of the words *aril*, *ril*, and *leine*, supposed to mean respectively *age*, *year*, and *lived*, two at least bear out the one theory as well as the other. What can be more improbable than the following explanation:—"Ril," 'annus'; Arab., *rigl*; Heb., *regel*, 'time, an age.' The primitive sense is 'foot,' from the root *ray*, 'to move,'=Armenian *raih*, as appears from the Arm. *rahel*, 'to go forward.'" The supporters of the theory that the Etruscans were a Semitic race may well smile at so desperate a derivation. If Mr. Ellis produces a drinking-pot from Cervetri babbling Armenian, they bring forward from Volterra an epitaph mourning in the purest Hebrew. When he finds a similarity to Armenian forms in Etruscan words ending in *l*, they dismiss those specimens with contempt, as mere abbreviations, and retort with the fact that the disputed inscriptions read from right to left. As long as the contending parties are engaged in destroying each other's theories, they succeed admirably; but when they begin to battle for themselves, they become involved in a hopeless struggle. Mr. Ellis, however, will never acknowledge a defeat, and translates every relic of the Etruscan tongue into Armenian that is quite satisfactory to himself; but whether a native of Armenia would recognize his language in the specimens set up by Mr. Ellis is more than doubtful; he would probably admit the nationality of single words, but the entire sentences would wear a decidedly alien look. Leibnitz has immortalized a well-educated dog, which professed (in advertisements) to speak German, and really could utter some thirty distinct sounds conveying a meaning in that language. In the same way the defunct Etruscans are trained by Mr. Ellis to speak Armenian; they pronounce single words in a satisfactory manner, but their general conversation is incoherent. Mr. Ellis deserves great praise for the pains he has taken, and the erudition he displays entitles him to be treated with the highest respect; but we cannot believe that he has been as successful in tracing the Armenians as he was in following Hannibal across the Alps.

*Baby Bianca; or, The Venetians.* By Mrs. Richard Valentine, Author of *Beatrice*, or *Six Years of Childhood and Youth*; *Reading and Teaching*; *Kirkholm Priory*, &c., &c. (Parker, Son, and Bourn.) We have all heard of the little girl, who, after a diligent perusal of the various eulogistic epitaphs in some country churchyard, innocently inquired of her mother, "where all the wicked people were buried." To the wearied and baffled reader, who with much pain and effort has at length succeeded in reaching page 310 and last of the volume before us, an analogous question may not unnaturally suggest itself.—"Who reads all the trashy books?" The starch stiff-necked air of simplicity, the laborious affectation of ease, the childish attempt at portraiture of child life, which so unmistakably characterize this little work, are traits which we would willingly have passed over without comment, did they not represent a class of literature with which we have been perfectly inundated of late years. No class of writers have more hopelessly damaged the cause they profess to serve than those who have attempted to combine amusement with instruction. To blend fiction with history for the purposes of education is a task that has been repeatedly essayed, but rarely achieved; and yet a single failure will nullify all the good that has been produced by fifty successful efforts. There is nothing that a child so soon learns to regard with suspicion and aversion as an attempt to "tag" a moral to his fable. Let him have his lessons in school-time, give him his physic openly without pretence or prevarication, and he will submit to it with goodwill, or, at least, with resignation; but once attempt surreptitiously to introduce the grey powders into his jam, and he will look upon jam as a spare



and a delusion all the days of his life. As soon as a child begins to doubt the infallibility of the "moral" of his story-book; when he has once played truant and not, as a necessary consequence, fallen into the river and been drowned; when he has once told a falsehood and not been gored to death by a discriminating mad bull, he forthwith becomes an inveterate little sceptic, and absolutely refuses for the future to pin his faith to either "morals," good books, or temporal punishments. A similar fate must attend any unadvised or clumsily-executed attempt to engraft fiction on history. A child who has waded through Mrs. Valentine's volume (for we cannot for a moment entertain the notion of her having any other readers than children) will necessarily be left in a most edifying state of haziness and uncertainty respecting personages and events. Of the trifling anachronism by which a gentleman, *temp. Henry VIII.*, is made to quote Shakspeare, we have nothing to say, for similar accidents have happened, and will happen, in the best regulated families; but we do protest, and that most energetically, against the inextricable confusion into which our authoress has contrived to throw the leading events of a reign to which modern research has contributed more largely than, perhaps, to any other epoch of our history. Mrs. Valentine has evidently taken "Mary Powell" as her model throughout. But surely there is no instance on record in which all the defects of a model have been more painfully exaggerated, and all the beauties more pertinaciously ignored, than in *Baby Bianca*.

*Ourself, our Food, and our Physic.* By Benjamin Ridge, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Chapman and Hall.) Dr. Ridge is already known both to the public and his own profession as a hygienic chartist. This little book will confirm his fame as such, and will, we trust, assist in establishing the fundamental point of his charter, viz. that the art of healing should be founded on principle, rather than on questionable practice. The means of diagnosis which the author insists upon as the truest index in all forms of disease is the state of the tongue. To the science which demarks the several parts of that organ, and associates with an abnormal condition thereof affections in the corresponding parts of the body, he has given the somewhat grandiloquent title of Glossology. His remarks on this point, as, indeed, throughout the whole work, appear to us to be most sensible and argumentative. It is a book which may be read with advantage by even the most nervous, though it may tend to lessen that faith in our own medical man, which, of itself, so often works wonders. One very revolutionary idea, which we have seen advocated by other rioters against the constitution, is that consumptive patients should be sent to a good high and dry spot on the Grampians, or a blowy situation on the Norway coast, instead of to Madeira or Torquay. But the Act which he most desires to see passed through the Medical Parliament is a Bill for the relief of that oppressed organ, the liver. As he justly remarks, in nine cases out of ten, any constitutional disarrangement is at once attributed to that unoffending portion of the system, and the accused is forthwith condemned, without trial, to severe doses of mercury. The folly and lamentable results of this practice are very ably exposed, and a safer philosophy indicated, by which appropriate remedial agents can be systematically administered. Of course Dr. Ridge is not alone in the field; there are many others who practically work out that philosophy, but we do not remember to have seen elsewhere in print so lucid and common sense an exposition of the causes of disease in the human frame, and the logic of that system that would remove those causes by an antagonistic course of treatment.

*Manordean: a Novel.* By Herbert Steele. (T. C. Newby.) If, as we surmise, this novel is the production of extreme youth and inexperience, we may entertain some reasonable hope that increasing observation of the world and knowledge of human nature may enable its author to write a book on which our verdict will be markedly different from that which we are compelled to give on *Manordean*. If, on the other hand, it is the production of matured powers and reflection, we conscientiously recommend the author to eschew a profession in which he can never hope for anything beyond the

dullest and tamest mediocrity. *Manordean*, though not quite destitute of merit, is essentially stupid. There are occasional glimpses of power, but ill directed and unmanageable in the extreme. There are attempts at mental analysis, but anything more superficial or psychologically incorrect we never read. Occasionally, but at rare intervals, passages occur with some pretensions to grace of description; but their effect is slight to redeem pages of turgid bombast, and sentences of irreclaimable absurdity. There is neither plot nor incident throughout the volume, and it is closed with a sense that the mind from which it emanated should for the future confine its sentimental outpourings to the poet's corner of a provincial newspaper.

*Homeric Translation in Theory and Practice; a Reply to Matthew Arnold, Esq., Professor of Poetry at Oxford.* By Francis W. Newman, a Translator of the *Iliad*. (Williams & Norgate.) If we were ever disposed to doubt the propriety of Horace's expression to denote the leading feature of poets as a class,—*genus irritabile vatum*,—that doubt would have been dispelled by the present publication of Mr. Newman, which is sadly querulous and undignified in its tone. He is naturally sorry that Mr. Arnold, in his recent *Lectures on Translating Homer* (reviewed by us a few weeks ago), should have stigmatized Mr. Newman's version of the *Iliad* as wanting in dignity and grandeur beside its original, and that he should have quoted only a few scattered lines and expressions here and there, instead of taking a passage of twelve or twenty lines, and giving him (Mr. Newman) the benefit in *extenso*, in order that the public might be able to judge for themselves. Had he stopped here, however, perhaps there would not have been much to find fault with in Mr. Newman's complaint, though doubtless Mr. Arnold never thought or imagined, when censuring either the plan or the execution of Mr. Newman's version, that by so doing he was "damaging the sale" of a book which deserved well of the British public, or no doubt he would have tempered the wind of professional criticism to the shorn and thin-skinned lamb. But not content with complaining of the treatment which he has received at the hands of his brother Professor, Mr. Newman turns the tables on Mr. Arnold, and, for every breath of the Oxford Boreas under which he shivers, sends back a searching and scathing blast of the Eurus of Gower Street. He accuses Mr. Arnold's *Hexameters* of being but prose in disguise, full of abortive spondee, trochees, and iambi, mingled together in indiscriminate confusion, and denounces the English hexameter as a "highly appropriate to bombast in a wild whimsical poem" (like the *Bohio of Topper-nfusock* of Mr. Clough), but after all, in effect a piece of harmless pedantry and eccentric trifling at best. This sounds a somewhat strange opinion when it comes from a gentleman who owns that he "has privately tried the same principle in *alcaics*," by attempting to render the *Odes of Horace* into corresponding English metres. No doubt the real difficulty lies in the structure, or rather in the spelling, of the English language; "the chief objection" to all such efforts to reproduce the Latin and Greek metres being, as Mr. Newman observes, "not that the task is impossible, but that to execute it well is too difficult in a language like our own, overlaid as it is with consonants, and abounding in syllables neither distinctly long nor distinctly short, but of every intermediate length." We should much like to know what would be Mr. Newman's opinion of the late Mr. Lancelot Shadwell's hexameter English version of the first six books of the *Iliad*, which were published some twenty years ago, and which probably first inspired Dr. Hawtrey, and through him Mr. Arnold, with the idea which the latter has endeavoured to elaborate in theory, though he shrinks from putting his theory in practice. A poem of fifteen thousand lines is no joke for a gentleman to take in hand, who, in addition to being Professor of Poetry at Oxford, is one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and has been lately running over half the territory of the old Western Empire, getting up information for her Majesty's Government as to the state of education on the Continent. This latter portion of Mr. Newman's pamphlet is really so very and so needlessly personal, and he mixes up so much per-

sonal feeling with the discussion of the question as to the comparative antiquatedness (to coin a new term) of Homer's style as it presented itself to Sophocles, and that of Chaucer or Shakspeare as it sounds in our ears, that we would rather be excused from entering into the arena between the combatants. As Mr. Newman complains that the Professor of Poetry at Oxford has needlessly and cruelly placed his (Mr. N.'s) candle under a bushel, at all events he shall not be able to make the same complaint against ourselves; so we here lay before the public his rendering of a passage from the nineteenth book of the *Iliad*; it is one of his own selection:—

"Chesnut and Spotted! noble pair! farfamous brood of  
Spiry-foot!"

In other guise now ponder ye your chariot to rescue  
Back to the troop of Danaë, when we have done with battle:  
Nor leave him dead upon the field as late ye left Patroclus;  
But him the dapplefooted steed as the yoke accosted:  
(And droop'd his auburn head aside straightway; and thro'  
the collar,

His full mane, streaming to the ground, over the yoke was  
scatter'd:

Him Juno, white-arm'd goddess, then with voice of man  
endow'd:

'Now and again we verily will save and more than save  
thee,

Dreadful Achilles! yet for thee the deadly day approacheth.  
Not ours the guilt; but mighty God and stubborn Fate are  
guilty.

Not by the slowness of our feet or dulness of our spirit  
The Troians did thy armour strip from shoulders of Patroclus;

But the exalted god, for whom brightheir'd Latona tra-  
vail'd,

Slew him amid the foremost ranks and glory gave to Hector.  
Now we, in coursing, pace would keep even with breeze of  
Zephyr,

Which speediest they say to be: but for thyself 'tis fated  
By hand of hero and of god in mighty strife to perish.  
So much he spake: throat his voice the Furies stopp'd for  
ever."

We must frankly own that to our inexperienced ears the above lines sound as monotonously, and convey as little clear and definite an idea of their meaning, as any hexameters which could possibly be penned by Mr. Arnold or Mr. Shadwell, by Southey, or Lockhart, or Longfellow. We must, therefore, dismiss the cause and break up the court, remarking to the rival Professors,—

"Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites."

We only wish that we could safely add,

"Et vitula in dignus est hic!"

but we are afraid, lest the touchy and sensitive temper of the London Professor may possibly declare that we have joined with Mr. Arnold in a conspiracy against him, and are indulging ourselves at his expense by solemnly adjudicating to him a calf-skin!

*How to Spend a Month in Ireland, and What it will Cost.* By Sir Cusack P. Roney. (Smith and Sons.) It has been our lot to read through, or to glance over, a great many Irish guide-books, but we have not met with one which so fully satisfies the requirements of a hasty tourist as the compact little volume before us. The traveller who wishes to spend three or four weeks in a country like Ireland, does not care a jot for the heavy details—historical, genealogical, antiquarian—in which writers of hand-books are so apt to indulge, but he does want to know how to use his time and money to the best advantage, so as to see the "lions" of the island without being led astray in search of the "small deer." Sir Cusack P. Roney has contrived, with admirable tact, to point out every notable object of interest which the tourist ought to visit; and he has done this without having recourse to superfluous and superlative adjectives. He does not tell us that Ireland is the peerless island which O'Connell, borrowing from Tom Moore, was so fond of terming it, but he convinces us notwithstanding, if indeed we required convincing, that there are very few places more worthy of the summer tourist's regards. Travelling in Ireland nowadays is vastly more pleasant than it was ten years ago. Happy faces meet you now, where at that time you saw misery and starvation; the whole aspect of the land is marvellously changed, and lovely though the country was in the days of its debasement, superstition, and beggary, it is far more lovely now, since there is no longer such a fatal want of harmony between the moral position of the Irish people, and the exquisite beauty of Irish scenery.

*Hooks for Thoughts.* By James Peddie. (J. Blackwood.) The only thought which we can hang upon Mr. Peddie's *Hooks* is one to which he will scarcely thank us to give expression. Mr. Peddie apparently considers that a man of genius may say anything that comes uppermost; and that, therefore, he is entitled to the privilege. We do not care to raise a discussion on these points: we can only say, that in the present instance Mr. Peddie has written a foolish book, in a very affected style.

## BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Ashworth (H.), Tour in the United States, Cuba, and Canada, post 8vo, 2s. 6d. Bennett.  
Binus (W.), Elementary Treatise on Orthographic Projection, second edition, 8vo, 9s. Spon.  
Blaine (D. R.), Suggestions on Copyright Works of Art Bill, 8vo, 1s. Hardwicke.  
Brinton (W.), On Food and its Digestion, post 8vo, 12s. Longman.  
Bullock (T. and F.), Illustrated History of England, with Questions, 12mo, 2s. 3d. Simpkin.  
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Notes by Mason, 12mo, 1s. 2d. J. Blackwood.  
Burrowdale, a Tale, new edition, post 8vo, 2s. Hamilton.  
Campin (F.), Practice of Hand-Turning on Wood, post 8vo, 6s. Spon.  
Common Sense of Competition, a Plea for an open Civil Service, 8vo, 1s. Ridgway.  
Congregational Pulpit, vol. II., post 8vo, 4s.  
Cruik's Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, 1 vol., 12mo, 8s. 6d. Griffin.  
Croly (Rev. G.), Few Personal Recollections of, by R. Her-ring, 12mo, 5s. Longman.  
Cumlin (P.), Popular Education of Bristol and Plymouth District, 8vo, 5s. Longman.  
Darley's Register of Rifle Practice, 18mo, 1s. Bennett.  
Denham (Rev. J. F.), Last Sermons at St. Bride's and St. Mary's-le-Strand, with Memoir, 8vo, 1s.  
Dorner (J. A.), History of Development of Doctrine of Person of Christ, div. 2, vol. I, 8vo, 10s. 6d. Hamilton.  
Dumas' Historical Library: Twenty Years After, 12mo, 2s. Dumas' Historical Library: Three Musketeers, 12mo, 2s. Dumas' Historical Library: Life and Daring Exploits, 12mo, 1s. 6d. J. Blackwood.  
Elements of Social Science, by a Graduate of Medicine, fourth edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. and 3s. Truelove.  
Essays and Reviews: Few Words of Apology for Professor B. Powell's Essay, 8vo, 1s.  
Goldschmidt (M.), Homeless; or, a Poet's Inner Life, 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Hurst and Blackett.  
Goldschmidt's Poetical Works, new edition, 18mo, 1s. Knight.  
Goldschmidt's Vicar of Wakefield, illustrated by Thomas, new edition, post 8vo, 5s. Low.  
Gore (Mrs.), Bride of Zante, and other Tales, 12mo, 1s. Knight.  
Gore (Mrs.), Lettre de Cachet, and other Tales, 12mo, 1s. Knight.  
Gloyder (D. G.), Sermons for Christian Households, 12mo, 4s. 6d. Simpkin.  
Harding (J. D.), Picturesque Sketches, folio, £4. 4s. Kent.  
How (W. W.), Plain Words, second series, large type, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Morgan.  
Hughes's Principles and Practice of Photography, 12mo, 1s. Kent.  
Jeon (H. W.), Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, part I, 12mo, 5s. Longman.  
Jelf (W. E.), Supremacy of Scripture, an Examination of Dr. Temple's "Education of the World," 8vo, 5s. Saunders and Otley.  
Jones (W.), Gardeners' Red Book, fifth edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Groombridge.  
Kitto (Dr. John), Life of, by Eadie, cheap edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. Hamilton.  
Lambert (B.), Lecture on Wit, Humour, and Pathos, 12mo, 1s. Tresidder.  
Leask (W.), Happy Years at Hand, Outlines of the Coming Theocracy, post 8vo, 4s. Ward.  
Mackay (C.), Legendary and Romantic Ballads of Scotland, 12mo, 6s. Griffin.  
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Moore (T.), British Ferns and their Allies, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Routledge.  
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Original Songs for Rifle Volunteers, by S. Lever, C. Mackay, and Thomas Miller, 12mo, 2s. 6d., C. H. Clarke.  
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Pix (Rev. W.), Miscellaneous Examples in Arithmetic, third edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Longman.  
Railway Library: Crowe (Mrs.), Susan Hopley, 12mo, 2s. Routledge.

Roney (C. P.), How to Spend a Month in Ireland, post 8vo, 1s. W. H. Smith.  
Sermon on the Mount, illuminated by Stanesby, second edition, 15s. Field.  
Social Life and Manners in Australia, by a Resident, post 8vo, 5s. Longman.  
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Transactions of North of England Institute of Mining Engineers, vol. VIII., 21s.  
Tyler (T.), Jehovah the Redeemer, post 8vo, 2s. 6d. Ward.  
Valentine (Mrs. R.), Baby Bianca, or the Venetians, 12mo, 4s. 6d. J. W. Parker.

[ERRATUM.—For Goodfellow (S. J.), Lectures on Diseases of the Kidney, post 8vo, 6s. 6d., Renshaw; read, Goodfellow, &c., 7s. 6d., Hardwicke.]

## SONNET

IN MEMORIAM CAMILLI CAVOUR.

Bright in the skies when stars are faint and few,  
Bright in the skies when earth is very chill  
Ere the new day-spring, and the winds are still,  
A large warm orb still glimmers through the blue.  
Perchance, a perished world, long since it flew,  
Riven by the fiat of Almighty Will,  
In scattered atoms, for some awful ill;  
Yet still its rays stream down upon our view.  
So while we watch, and all our heavens grow bright,  
O'ersilvered by the day that draweth nigh,  
As from the hills we eastward strain our sight,  
Waiting the lost ones of our Italy,  
He who has loved her with a strong man's might,  
A perished life, shall shine on in her sky.

E. S.

## FLORENCE AND COUNT CAVOUR.

FLORENCE, June 8.

ITALY has been sorely stricken by a great and sudden blow, and is in these first hours of her bereavement almost stunned by it, and only gradually coming to the full consciousness of the whole weight and gravity of the misfortune.

The fact of Cavour's death, and the immediate circumstances attending it,—how he expired, with but four-and-twenty hours' warning of the real extent of the danger, at seven in the morning of Thursday, the 6th of June,—how the entire city of Turin passed that last fatal night in literally trembling hope and fear,—and how the entire population, without distinction of classes or even almost of parties, heard the fatal termination of their suspense with that crushing sense of void and hopelessness which falls on those who have just lost one who is nearest and dearest to them,—all this was of course known in London within a very few minutes after the sad news reached us here at Florence.

But it is as difficult to describe the feeling which the event has produced throughout Italy, without seeming to fall into wildly exaggerated language, as it is in reality to exaggerate the true facts. Never, probably, has the loss of a great citizen been so felt by the entirety of any great nation! When our own Wellington died, the national feeling was very strong. But the great chieftain fell as full of years as of honours. He had run his course, fought his fight, and completed his work. When Peel was suddenly and prematurely snatched away by a violent death, England acutely felt the loss, and mourned very sincerely and very universally. But the loss was a very different one. England had many another son as good as he! But where is the man who can be to Italy what Cavour has been and would have been? Where is the Hercules who is to place his shoulders under the world that rested securely on those of the failing Atlas?

It is as if every household throughout the length and breadth of the land had lost its chief—the father, the support, the bread-winner! The sense of bereavement comes home to every man's own bosom,

not merely as for the loss of one beloved and respected, but of one absolutely necessary to each man's safety, well-being, and prosperity.

Yet in this general distress and trouble, which, speaking nationally, may fairly be called universal, there are exceptions to the general rule. No great nation was ever really unanimous; and there are men, who think that they have cause to rejoice at the national misfortune, and be glad, amid the woe of a whole population. At Turin, probably, such exceptions are very few, or absolutely wanting; but here, at Florence, there is a small party anti-national enough to rejoice that Cavour is removed from the scene of his labours and triumphs, and stupid enough to imagine that their own position may be improved by his removal. They will very shortly find out the greatness of their stupidity and ingratitude. They will soon be made to feel how much they owed to the sagacious moderation of the wise statesman, whose influence has on many occasions prevented them from being visited by the full weight of the national wrath and antipathy.

Of course, in every anti-national and retrograde sentiment, the clergy are foremost and most conspicuous. But it is especially the Church, and its higher dignitaries, who ought to feel that they, too, have sustained a great loss in losing Camillo Conte di Cavour. And if I am not greatly deceived, it will not be long before the reactionary priesthood will be found among those who most sincerely regret his premature death. With a Ratazzi ministry in power, these enemies to their country will probably feel the difference!

Meanwhile the provocative and offensive spectacle of a small knot of the ex-courtiers of the ex-grand-duke, cynically affronting the nation's grief by their openly, though perhaps not verbally, expressed triumph at the death of the great man, whose name will throughout all time remain in history as the founder of Italian nationality, has already occasioned some scenes in Florence, of a kind rarely witnessed among this eminently orderly people; which I shall probably find an opportunity of describing to the readers of the *Literary Gazette* on a future occasion, but which would at present lead me too far away from my more pressing and more immediate object; which is simply to note the aspect of the nation under its great calamity.

The long and evil training, to which the Florentine people have been subjected for many a generation of misrule, has taught them too readily to connect their misfortunes of all sorts with suspicions of foul play. And the first instinct of the populace, on hearing the news of Cavour's death, was to suspect that he had been murdered by poison. "They have given him something to drink!" was the cry. And the unmistakable meaning attached to these simple words, is a fearfully significant indication of the obstinate vitality in the popular mind of the ideas implanted there by the old Medicean system of getting rid of a troublesome opponent. In the present case, of course the absurd suspicion did not long prevail; but the fact that it should have immediately occurred to these descendants of the subjects of the Medici, is too curiously characteristic to be omitted.

A graver suspicion seems to have arisen as to the judiciousness of the medical treatment adopted in the case. The patient was, it seems, bled three times within six hours, and again twice subsequently; and there seems to be a strong medical opinion that this was, to use the mildest language, injudicious. Doubtless in similar attacks the question, to bleed or not to bleed, is often one of the most difficult and critical that a physician can be called on to decide. But it is urged, that the facts that no part of the person was paralyzed, and that the intellectual powers remained unimpaired till within a couple of hours before death, sufficiently prove that the apoplectic symptoms were not so urgent as to demand or justify the very violent treatment adopted. It is not for laymen to form any decided opinion upon such a point; and doubtless the three physicians to whom so invaluable a life was entrusted will know how to reply to the medical criticisms of their brethren of the faculty. I only note the doubt that has been raised, as one among the thoughts with which the public mind is busy on the sad subject.

So entirely lucid was the dying statesman's mind during the whole of that fatal night, and so per-



fectly awake were his perceptive faculties, that when the King came in the course of the night, and entered the sick chamber unexpected and unannounced, the sick man himself was the first of all those present to become aware of the entrance of his royal visitor. "Maestri!" he exclaimed, as the King advanced towards the bed; and thus made those sorrowing around him aware of Victor Emmanuel's presence.

And then those two men, whose names can never be disjoined in history, remained for three-quarters of an hour in private conference. The special hopes and fears, the cautions, the counsels, the plans, the words of wise guidance, which were the last legacy of the dying statesman to the king and country he has created, we must say, rather than served, remain, of course, locked up in the survivor's breast. But the subject and the nature of that last solemn council none can doubt. That *all* was to the end for Italy; that the generous master-passion which had ruled his life was still strong in death; that the last efforts of that gigantic intellect were devoted, as every thought during so many exhaustingly laborious years has been, to the furtherance and completion of the great work to which his life has been given, all Italy knows, and every future generation of Italians will know. The great miracle, on which the vital energies of so priceless a life have been spent, has been wellnigh wrought to completion. The dead nation, which he called on to rise and walk, has broken its cerements, has stirred its mighty limbs, has moved on the path to which he directed it! Could he but have lived to guide it yet a little on its difficult way! But here, too, it has been, as so often it is, a life for a life! The miracle could be worked at no less cost. In imparting life to dead Italy, he spent his own—victoriously, exultingly, triumphantly!

And shall we pretend to weep for him? Italy knows well that it is for herself, and not for him, that she is mourning.

T. A. T.

#### EXHIBITION OF MANUSCRIPTS AT THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE rooms of the Society of Antiquaries have been appropriated during the present week to the exhibition of a choice collection of illuminated manuscripts, ranging from the ninth to the seventeenth centuries. Many of them were brought together in the first instance, we believe, to illustrate a paper communicated to the Society on the history of illumination by one of their body—Mr. R. Holmes, of the British Museum. But the Society and the contributors liberally determined to afford facilities for a more careful examination and comparison of the various periods and styles of art represented in the collection, than was possible during the progress of a lecture. With this object, tickets of invitation were issued to non-members, and additional specimens were added to the original collection of manuscripts, until the exhibition exceeded in richness and extent any similar collection ever before brought together from private sources. The interest excited by the exhibition must have surpassed even the anticipations of its promoters, and we trust may lead them to similar efforts in the same direction. Now that it is understood that these illuminated manuscripts furnish the only or nearly the only records of art as it existed in Europe during the Dark and Middle Ages, their immense interest and value are beginning to be properly estimated. Artists and antiquaries now seek knowledge or inspiration from a source which, until the last few years, was thought incapable of higher use than to furnish patterns for worsted-work or fanciful borders for drawing-room scrap-books. It is singular to reflect that many of the volumes exhibited at Somerset House during the present week, and worth now £200 or £300 apiece, became the property of their present owners quite recently at the expense of a few pounds or even shillings. In the following enumeration, we do not profess to do more than point out some of the gems of the exhibition; and we deem it right to add that among those we have omitted are probably to be found specimens as rare as any here mentioned. Our object is to give a general idea of the costly and interesting character of the collection.

Archbishop Tenison's library (at the present moment about to be wantonly scattered to satisfy the greed of beadleism) furnishes two fair specimens—one, a Prudentius of the eleventh century, ornamented with beautiful Anglo-Saxon miniatures, drawn in ink, and occasionally heightened with green or red tints; the other, a Psalter of the thirteenth century, adorned with fine marginal illuminations, one of them very curious, showing a mountebank tossing plates in the air, and catching them again on sticks which he holds in his hand. This manuscript was written in the time of Edward I., apparently for some Norfolk nobleman, whose arms (on a field or, a lion rampant gules) are emblazoned on the margin. Mr. S. R. Holford's contributions are, as a whole, the most costly of those exhibited; among them are a finely illuminated and beautifully written folio copy of Valerius Maximus, fifteenth century; Evangelia IV., a magnificent specimen of Carolingian art, with large illuminated letters, the text written throughout in letters of gold,—this manuscript is attributed to the ninth century; *Vita Sancti Edmundi*, written in the twelfth century, the illuminations slightly coarse as regards the drawing, but the gold and colouring excellent; a Psalter of the thirteenth century, small 8vo, a fine example of French art, the colouring very fine; *La Bible Historiée*, a magnificent example of French art of the early part of the fourteenth century,—the leaf opened for inspection contains a singular illustration of Jacob's vision at Bethel, the angels ascending and descending the ladder head foremost; a Book of Hours, illuminated by the same hand and quite as fine as the celebrated Hours of Anne of Brittany, now in the Musée des Souverains at Paris. J. Ruskin, Esq., exhibits eight leaves of a Psalter, executed for St. Louis, by the same hand which illuminated the Psalter of St. Louis at the Bibliothèque Impériale, and now removed to the Musée des Souverains. These leaves were purchased by Mr. Ruskin from Mr. Jarman, Charles Towneley, Esq., exhibited his magnificent MS. illuminated by Giulio Clovio: the leaf exhibited was the *Last Judgment*. There can be no doubt that this is really a Giulio Clovio, notwithstanding adverse opinions which have been rather hastily put forward. Her Majesty also exhibited a large initial letter occupying an entire page, signed by Giulio Clovio, and probably one of his early works. Mr. Whitehead contributed some magnificent miniatures attributed to Van Eyck, apparently on insufficient evidence; a seated allegorical figure of Rome, by Mantegna; and a page, border and miniature, by Girolamo dei Libri.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster exhibit a gigantic folio Service-book, in two vols., executed by Nicholas Littleington, temp. Ric. II. The Rev. J. Fuller Russell, a fine missal painting by Silvester Camaldolese, besides some smaller miniatures by the same artist; a page of almost equal merit of a slightly later period; and a Breviary, a beautiful and characteristic specimen of English work of the beginning of the fifteenth century. Her Majesty, besides the Giulio Clovio before mentioned, exhibited the Sobieski Missal, a most exquisite specimen of art in the fifteenth century (circ. 1430); the Duke of Newcastle, a Book of Hours, executed for Isabel, daughter of John, sixth Duke of Brittany; Mr. Tite, M.P., three specimens of the same period: all these (the Sobieski Missal, the Duke of Newcastle's Hours, and Mr. Tite's manuscripts) belong to the same school as the Bedford Missal in the British Museum, and some of the miniatures seem to have been executed by the same hand. The Marquis d'Azeglio contributed a volume of Moral Sentences, written by one of the Sforza family, and containing delicately-finished portraits of various members of the family, with their arms and badges; likewise his well-known D'Avalos manuscript, a fine example of Neapolitan art at the close of the fifteenth century.

W. Boxall, Esq., contributed a rare, oblong manuscript, containing Italian drawings of the close of the fourteenth century; one of the minor peculiarities noticeable in this volume being the various manner in which the devil's feet are drawn by the artist, his Satanic majesty in some instances being furnished with the cock's claws, at others with the ordinary human foot, while on one page is the more rare cloven hoof. Mr. S. Ram sent some fine examples of

French and Italian art, chiefly of the fifteenth century, and Mr. Tite, in addition to the manuscripts already mentioned, a large folio volume containing rich specimens of English art of the fifteenth century, purchased by him at Hanrott's sale. Lady Eastlake, and Messrs. Layard, Payne, and Robinson contributed numerous magnificent specimens of initial letters cut from MSS. principally of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The exhibition was fixed to close on Thursday.

#### THE UNIVERSITIES.

OXFORD, JUNE 13.

THE rain has effectually destroyed "the blossom of this flying Term," and made Commemoration an affair of Bath-chairs and umbrellas. Show Sunday was completely shorn of its glory and gave evil auguries for the succeeding days. Not a lady made her appearance in the "Broad Walk," where a few noisy Undergraduates, by way of exhibiting their good taste and bad temper, indulged in a little pugilistic encounter amidst the mud and fog and rain. On Monday, the Duchess of Marlborough, representing the ladies of the county, presented the City Corps with new musical instruments. This ceremony took place in St. John's Gardens, and the London Madrigal Union was engaged to enliven the proceedings, but the sun (alas!) it is impossible to engage, and accordingly he put in but a very short appearance, soon giving place to the everlasting shower. In the evening came the first Masonic Ball, which is, of course, above the influence of weather, and was very well attended, except that ladies were much in request. The more plebeian portion of the community waded through the slush to see some so-called fireworks beyond the river, where a "great American rope-walker" was a considerable attraction. Here, however, people's spirits were damped, not merely by atmospheric causes, but also by a foolish fellow who thought fit to try a little amateur rope-walking and consequently broke his neck. Tuesday opened with a sermon from the Bishop of Cork in aid of the Radcliffe Infirmary. This served as a sort of grace before the flower-show in Trinity Gardens, which, it is needless to say, was marred by rain long before it was over. The scurry to the lime avenue, and the crowd when there, was picturesque, but disagreeable. The night was devoted to the Christ Church ball, as brilliant and well-sustained as ever. In fact, the disappointment of the day seems to have made the evening entertainments doubly popular, for not only were the ball-rooms full, and the concerts at Exeter, Queen's, and Pembroke, and other places, no doubt listened to by very large audiences, but the Brasenose theatricals on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, in the Music Room, in Holywell Street, were so crowded that numbers of invited guests were refused admittance; and I hear that even the Vice-Chancellor was compelled to turn back, having made his appearance a few minutes late. Yesterday did not stand forth so pre-eminent as usual, because no degrees were conferred,—a fact of which the Undergraduates' gallery expressed its strongest disapprobation. There was not, however, much sensible diminution of the number of ladies, and the unfortunate Curator was as hard worked and much abused as ever. The Newdigate, which was the only recitation thoroughly audible or intelligible, was exceedingly well received, and appeared above the average, though a little too sugared for such a subject as "The Vikings." The Garibaldian passages in the Latin Verse on Sicily were also loudly cheered. But the whole affair was rather tame, and fortunately did not last long. Fear of the lowering clouds, rather than any actual downfall, made the Freemasons' *fête*, in New College gardens, somewhat less gay than in previous years. It was, however, the most decided success of any of the outdoor gaieties, for the Orpheus Glee Union sang their best, and the day was close and hot enough to make ices and claret cup far from objectionable.

The second Freemasons' ball wound up the round of amusements, and to-day nothing is to be seen but portmanteaus and Hansom cabs on their road to the railway stations. I must now go back to the date of my last letter, and recount some of the more com-

monplace proceedings of the week. In Convocation, on Thursday last, the proposal to insert into the new Act a clause respecting the future appointment and regulation of certain professorships, mentioned last week, was rejected by fifty-two votes against thirty-nine. The debate which preceded this decision was of little importance, and need not be here analysed. In the same Convocation the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the new Bishop of Melanesia; and Mr. Montague Bernard was approved as Examiner in Law and Modern History.

The Rev. Osborn Gordon, of Christ Church, has come forward as candidate for the Camden Professorship of Ancient History, as also, I believe, for the Principalship of St. Alban Hall. It is said that this latter appointment will be hotly competed for. The Hon. Mr. Abbot, of Christ Church, has won the Stanhope Prize; Mr. E. Caird, of Balliol, being honourably mentioned. Mr. Abbot and Mr. Gem, the Ellerton Prizeman, both recited their compositions in the Clarendon on Tuesday last.

The Hebdomadal Council will elect a Grinfield Lecturer on the Septuagint on Monday next.

A poll of the Union Society was taken yesterday on the subject of the proposed additions to the Society's buildings. It will be remembered that the Building Committee brought forward suggestions for a simple structure which would supply present wants, and that, in opposition to this, it was proposed to raise an edifice similar to the Debating-room. The committee have since then somewhat enlarged their plan, and met with considerable opposition at a meeting on Tuesday last. The poll took place, firstly, on the amendment proposed against the committee's motion; secondly, on the motion itself. The votes on the last being equal, the Librarian gave the casting vote in favour of the committee. It is said that this cannot be acted upon, and that nothing more can be done until next Term. So much for the building schemes of the Union.

The letter to the Bishop of Oxford on the suppression of doubt has been met by another letter, attributed to the Bishop of Victoria, taking the Protestant view of the question. Mr. Goldwin Smith, on the other hand, has written a page or two in answer to Mr. Mansel's pamphlet. I have no space to enter into the particulars of either of these controversies any further than I have done already. Let us hope that they may be quenched by the Long Vacation.

#### CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 13.

A FEW days' absence from Cambridge last week prevented me from furnishing you with the customary pabulum, but I will give a *résumé* of what has transpired in the missing interval. The boat races being over, and the muscular Christianity of the undergrads requiring some physical outlet, the travestie of the Olympian games, known by the vulgar name of the University foot-races, has drawn its wonted concourse of competitors and spectators. The *Dromos* has had its counterpart in the course of two hundred yards; the *Dolichos* has been approximated by the two-mile race; and the armour-race, which was found too fatiguing for Spartans, has found a painful parody in the sack-race, in which two or three gentlemen distinguished themselves by their resolute endeavours to regain their perpendicular while rolling about like bags of lively rats on the greensward. The *Kalpis*, in which the equestrian competitors dismounted and finished the race on foot, was faintly suggested by the donkey-race; but the stewards of this seem to have had classical prejudices against Jerusalem ponies, and it has been discontinued. The new amphibious undergraduate chair occupied by the Professor of Natation does not seem to agree with its occupant, judging from his appearance, for he looks very much like a frog with a violent cold, or one on which a novice has been trying good old Izaak Walton's instructions for tenderly passing a skewer along its back.

Reversing Bossuet's figure from "grave to gay," which, by the way, he borrowed from Horace, I will amend as far as I can the incomplete accounts of the new Dean of Exeter, which have up to the present appeared in the public prints. The Rev. C. J. Ellicott, B.D., St. John's College, Professor

of Divinity in King's College, London, was B.A. in 1841, having been equal with T. Robinson, Trinity College, in 1838, for the Bell Scholarship. He took the degree of 17th Senior Optime, and was second in the 2nd class of the classical tripos of his (Stokes') year. He was a scholar and afterwards a fellow of his college, and in 1843 he obtained the Hulsean Prize for his essay on the "History and Obligation of the Sabbath." He was also Hulsean Lecturer in 1859. He has published "The Destiny of the Creature, and other Sermons," and in conjunction with J. Barrow, D.D., G. Moberly, D.C.L., H. Alford, B.D., and W. G. Humphry, B.D., has published "The Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans," after the authorized version, and also "The Epistle of St. John;" but his chief work is, "A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles"—I. Galatians. II. Ephesians. III. Pastoral Subjects. IV. Philipians, Colossians, and Philemon. V. Thessalonians. On the death of the Rev. C. Hardwick, Cath. Col., who fell a victim to Alpine travels in 1859, the office of Christian Advocate was abolished, and Mr. Ellicott was elected to the new "Hulsean Professorship of Divinity." It will be in the memory of your readers that Mr. Ellicott was very seriously injured by the Tottenham railway accident in last year, from which he still suffers, and will probably be lamed for life. He is much liked in the University, and many who congratulate him on his preferment will regret the loss of one of the few prominent men who shed honour on Cambridge.

Mr. Ruskin has presented to the University a valuable collection of drawings by the late J. M. W. Turner, and they are to be placed in the Fitzwilliam Museum, which already possesses some of the best specimens of ancient and modern art.

Professor Challis, who is about to retire from the superintendence of the Observatory, which office he has with distinction filled for twenty-six years, has presented his final report. Besides detailing the amount of work performed, and several necessary improvements required in the instruments, he says: "In September I went through a complete series of measures with the movable collimator of the mural circle, for determining the effect of the flexure of its material on the mean of the microscope readings. These measures were taken under more favourable circumstances than the former series of 1856, and give more trustworthy results, especial means having been employed to obviate the influence of temperature on the microscope readings. I consider that the last series has solved, in a satisfactory manner, a mechanical problem, which, in an astronomical point of view, is of great importance; the general result being, that by the mean of six microscope readings, the effect of the flexure of a circle eight feet in diameter is almost completely eliminated. The residual amount is only a very small fraction of a second. The difference of the zenith distances obtained by direct and reflection observations of a star at the same transit, is often between 2" and 3". I am, therefore, of opinion that the discordance of zenith point is an irregularity incidental to the use of a large circle in taking the double observation, and may be due either to stress on the material, caused by a sudden and violent change of its position, or to differences of temperature at different parts, or to both circumstances combined.

The Vice-Chancellor has given notice that the presentation to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Mary's, Bungay, Suffolk, now vacant, has lapsed to the University in consequence of the disqualification of the patron, who is a Roman Catholic. The election to the office will take place October 22.

The University is very niggardly in its stipends to working officials. The chief librarian of the University library receives a fair salary; the second ditto, who is a graduate, gets £200 per annum; but it is only now that the foreign clerk and the two senior lay assistants, by a vote of the Senate, find their salaries amount to £125, £104, and £104 respectively.

Mr. Charles Cardale Babington, of St. John's College, has been elected without opposition to the Botanical chair occupied by the late Rev. J. S. Henslow.

The decision of the judges in the matter of the now celebrated proctorial cases of Kemp v. Neville, &c., has established the legality of the Vice-Cancel-

lorial authority; but there is a strong feeling against the old system existing in the town, and I, amongst many others who wish to see some restraint placed upon open immorality, would now hail any modification which would obviate a revival of the old town and gown hostility, without sacrificing the interests of the young men sent up here for education.

## SCIENCE.

### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 5.—Leonard Horner, Esq., President, in the Chair.

Joseph Tolson White, Esq., mining engineer, Wakefield, Yorkshire, and William Boyd Dawkins, Esq., B.A., Jesus College, Oxford, were elected Fellows.

The following communications were read:—

1. "On the Occurrence of some large Granite Boulders, at a great depth, in West Rosewarne Mine, Gwinear, Cornwall." By H. C. Salmon, Esq., F.G.S.

The boulders of granite referred to were found in the fifty-fathom level below the adit, the adit being twenty-four fathoms from the surface. One of the boulders was four feet two inches, and another three feet ten inches in diameter; there were five other smaller boulders or pebbles also met with in the level. The boulders are in the killas close to the lode, and both the lode and the "country" near the lode are made up of brecciated killas. After quoting the details of somewhat similar phenomena formerly observed at Relistian and Herland Mines, the author treated of the probable origin of the boulders in question; and although lodes are regarded by some as having been formed from below upwards, yet in this case the author thinks that the boulders must have had a common origin with the lode, and have been introduced by a fissure from the surface.

2. "On an erect *Sigillaria* from the South Joggins, Nova Scotia." By Dr. J. W. Dawson, F.G.S. This specimen, presenting the external markings of leaf-scars and ribs with more than usual clearness and with some instructive peculiarities, has afforded to the author the type of a new species, *Sigillaria Brownii*. Observations on the probable style of growth, on the structure, and on the classification of *Sigillaria*, were also given in this paper, together with a *résumé* of the observations previously published, regarding *Sigillaria*, by Brongniart, Corda, and others.

3. "On a Carpolite from a Coal-formation of Cape Breton." By Dr. J. W. Dawson, F.G.S.

4. "On a Reconstructed Bed on the top of the Chalk." By W. Whitaker, Esq., B.A., F.G.S.

At some places near Reading (Maidenhatch Farm, about six miles to the W.; and Tilehurst, two miles to the S.W.), and also near Maidenhead, from eighteen to twenty feet of broken chalk overlies the true chalk; and in places is overlain by the bottom-bed of the Reading beds, and therefore must have been reconstructed before the deposition of the Tertiary strata. For the most part, however, in Berkshire the Woolwich and Reading beds rest on an undisturbed surface of the chalk. In Wiltshire also, the author has observed similarly reconstructed chalk, probably there also underlying Tertiary beds; and he suggests that possibly the local reconstruction of the chalk may have been contemporaneous with the formation of the Thanet Sands further to the east.

5. "On some of the Higher Crustacea from the British Coal-measures." By J. W. Salter, Esq., F.G.S.

In this paper were described (1) a new Macrurous Crustacean, under the name of *Anthraxipalemon Grossarti*, from the slaty band of the black band ironstone of the coal-measures, Goodhook Hill, Shotts, Lanarkshire. (2) The Macrurous Crustacean, of which an imperfect specimen was figured in Mr. Prestwich's memoir on the Coalbrook Dale Coal-field (plate 41, fig. 9, *Apus dubius*): this is referred to a subgenus (*Palaeocarabus*) of the genus *Anthraxipalemon*; and another specimen from Ridgeacre Colliery was referred to. (3) A specimen from the Carboniferous Limestone of Derbyshire. (4) A small Crustacean, from the Mountain-limestone of Eifeshire, figured and described by the author in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh,"



vol. xxii. p. 394, as *Uronectes socialis*, but now regarded by him as belonging to the *Macrura*.

## CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

June 6.—Dr. Hofmann, President, in the Chair.  
Mr. A. W. Lennox read a paper "On bromide of carbon."

Dr. Daubeny read a paper "On the power ascribed to the roots of plants of rejecting poisons and other abnormal substances presented to them." The author inferred from the experiments of himself and others that this ascribed power really existed, and that poisons were not taken up by the living roots of plants; although, when the vitality of the roots was destroyed by the action of a poison, some portion of it might enter the plant by physical imbibition. His own experiments were made principally with barium and strontium salts, and with white arsenic.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

June 6.—In the absence of Earl Stanhope, the President, Mr. W. Tite, M.P., V.P., occupied the chair. In connection with the exhibition of choice illuminated MSS., of which we have given a full account elsewhere, Mr. R. Holmes, F.S.A., read a paper "On the history of the art of illumination," which met with general applause. He was followed by Mr. Tite, who in turn invited Mr. Ruskin to offer some observations in the art of illuminating. Mr. Ruskin accepted this invitation, and proceeded to trace the gradual development of the art, both in colour and in form, down to the period when, in Mr. Ruskin's opinion, the art of illumination abandoned its proper function, and by the application of shading effected the final decay of what had constituted its essential principles and glory in the 13th century. After some remarks on the more noteworthy objects exhibited, Mr. Ruskin concluded a very interesting and characteristic address. After the usual thanks to Mr. Holmes, Mr. Tite, and the exhibitors, the meeting adjourned.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 11.—Dr. Gray, V.P., in the Chair.  
Dr. A. Günther exhibited, on the part of Mr. J. Y. Johnson, an example of the singular fish described under the name *Saccolarx flagellum* by Dr. Mitchel, and *Ophiognathus ampullaceus* by Dr. Harwood, which had been obtained in the Atlantic, on the coast of Madeira.

Dr. Baird communicated a note on the structure of the *Lernæa cyclopterina*, a barnacle parasitic on the gills of the *Cyclopterinus spinosus*, from Greenland, as exhibited in specimens in the collection of the British Museum.

Mr. Bartlett made some remarks on the Japanese variety of the domestic pig, now exhibited in the Society's Gardens.

The Secretary read a letter from Mr. Swinhoe, Corresponding Member of the Society, dated from Amoy in China, respecting the deer of Formosa and Japan, which he considered to be distinct; and referring the latter to *Cervus sika* of the "Fauna Japonica."

Dr. Gray called attention to the mode of progression of the Pipe-fishes (*Syngnathi*) as exhibited in the fine series of these animals living in the tanks in the society's Fish-house; and made some remarks on the specimens of a deer killed in the Emperor's summer palace at Peking, and transmitted to the society by Mr. Swinhoe. Dr. Gray also gave a notice of a new species of antelope from Zanzibar, collected by Capt. J. H. Speke, which he proposed to call *Calotragus nigriceps*.

Papers were read by Mr. J. Y. Johnson, on a new species of crab from Madeira, which was proposed to be called *Cancer bellianus*; by Mr. S. Hanley, on a new species of mollusk of the genus *Leda*; and by Mr. Harper Frase, on new species of mollusks from the Pacific Islands.

Mr. Leadbeater exhibited some fine heads of *Ovis ammon* of the Himalayas.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY.—Royal United Service Institution, 8½.—H. D. Cunningham, Esq., Sails of Steam Vessels.—Commander Horton, R.N., The Rigging of Large Screw Vessels.

TUESDAY.—Statistical Society, 8.—Statistical Analysis of Patients treated in Guy's Hospital from 1854-60 inclusive, by J. C. Steele, Esq., M.D.

Ethnological Society, 8.—On some Domestic and Social Characteristics of the African Tribes, by T. J. Hutchinson, late H.M. Consul at Fernando Po.—On the Inhabitants of the Batoka Country, by Charles Livingstone.

WEDNESDAY.—Geological Society, 8.—On the Lines of Deepest Water around the British Islands, by the Rev. R. Everest, F.G.S.—On some Volcanic Cones at the foot of Etna, by Signor G. G. Gemmellaro, communicated by Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S.—On the Ludlow Bone-bed and its Crustacean Remains, by J. Harter, Esq., communicated by Professor Huxley, Sec. G.S.—On the Old Red Sandstone of the South of Scotland, by James Powrie, Esq., F.G.S.—On some Geological Phenomena on the coast of Coromandel, India, by J. W. B. Dykes, Esq., in a Letter to Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S.

THURSDAY.—Royal Society, 8½.—Annual Meeting.

Naturalistic Society, 7.—Annual Meeting.  
Linnean Society, 8.  
Chemical, 8.—On the Application of the Induction Coil to Steinheil's Apparatus for Spectrum Analysis, by Dr. Roscoe.

SATURDAY.—Royal Asiatic Society, 8½.—Dr. Forbes Watson on Cotton from India.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

June 11th, 1861.

Sir,—The whole matter of our dispute with Mr. Mudie having been talked over with that gentleman by a mutual friend, and Mr. Mudie having assured him that we had drawn mistaken inferences from his dealings with us, and that no "sectarian censorship" ever was or will be exercised by him over our books, we hasten to close the controversy, and to express our regret that we should have given circulation to what now appears to have been an erroneous impression.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,  
SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & CO.

66, Brook Street, Hanover Square, W.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Seventh Concert, Monday, June 10, 1861.

## PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

Sinfonia Eroica, Op. 55	Beethoven.
Romanza, "Perché dell'aire" (Torquato Tasso)	Donizetti.
Concerto, Violoncello	Kraft.
Aria, "Quì la voce" (I Puritani)	Bellini.
Overture (Ruler of the Spirits)	Weber.

## PART II.

Sinfonia in A major, No. 2	Mendelssohn.
Cavatina, "Largo al factotum" (Il Barbiere di Siviglia)	Rossini.
Concerto in C minor, Pianoforte	Beethoven.
Duet, "Dunque io son" (Il Barbiere di Siviglia)	Rossini.
Overture (Figaro)	Mozart.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

The introduction of two such magnificent compositions as the Sinfonia Eroica and the so-called Italian Symphony (the latter having been composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society by Mendelssohn) into a programme, is a sufficient guarantee for the general excellence of the whole concert. The extreme length of the Eroica induced the composer, on its first publication, to suggest that its proper place in a programme would be near the beginning, when the minds of the audience, not fatigued by previous efforts, would be in a condition to pay it a degree of attention commensurate with its magnitude—a wise precaution, which the directors took care to observe at the above concert, but which Dr. Wylde seems to have disregarded in his announcement of next Monday's concert, where it stands after the "Fidelio" Overture and Weber's Pianoforte Concerto. Although only the third in order of those nine grand orchestral works, which have placed Beethoven's fame beyond the power of rivalry, it is hardly, if at all, surpassed in grandeur by any of its successors. The peculiar circumstances under which it was written may in some measure account for this. Acting upon a suggestion made by Berna-

dotte, who was then French Ambassador at the Court of Vienna, Beethoven, whose excessive admiration for the genius and exploits of the First Consul led him to regard Napoleon Bonaparte as the destined saviour of Europe, determined to celebrate his glory by the composition of a grand instrumental work with which his name should be indelibly associated. Within the space of about a year, the work was completed; but just as it was on the point of being presented, in 1804, the news arrived of Bonaparte's assumption of the title of Emperor; Beethoven immediately tore off the title-page in a fury, and was with difficulty persuaded to spare the composition itself. Ultimately it was published, but the name of Napoleon was wholly eliminated from it, and the following inscription substituted, "*Sinfonia Eroica, composta per festeggiare il sovvenire di un grand'uomo*." With this knowledge of the circumstances under which it was composed, it is not difficult to assign an interpretation to the whole, and identify the several movements as typical of Heroism; the Destroying Angel, Death; Liberty; and Civilization; the subject of the last movement being taken from a previous work, the Prometheus. Both the Symphonies were admirably executed, and they both received that earnest attention to which they were so well entitled, and which is so special a characteristic of a Philharmonic audience; and the same remark may be applied to one, if not to both, of the overtures. Mr. John Francis Barnett has already gained distinction by his performances on the piano, both at Dr. Wylde's concerts and those of the Musical Society of London; he had not, however, appeared at the Philharmonic, and this final stamp of approbation was needed before he could be fairly esteemed as a pianiste of the first quality; however, the ordeal was triumphantly passed, and the *cadenza* introduced on this occasion abundantly confirmed opinions previously formed. Signor Delle Sedie has already been mentioned in this journal, as a vocalist of great ability and experience; Mme. Guerrabella is an artiste not previously known to us, but there is little doubt that she will soon achieve considerable success in the professional world, from her grace and vocal skill. We are happy to learn, from an announcement put forth by the Directors, that the Jubilee of next year will be inaugurated with a new work from the pen of Professor Sterndale Bennett, unfortunately for the interests of art, too seldom employed, though we are quite at a loss to divine the reason why such should be the case. Some few years since, there was no living musician about whose future such confident hopes were entertained—hopes, at present, but imperfectly realized, and only in part fulfilled.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The performances here during the past week have consisted of the same operas which have already been noticed in our columns—the "Barbiere di Siviglia" on Saturday last, and "La Sonnambula" on Monday and Thursday. The production of the "Huguenots," on Tuesday, afforded the admirers of Grisi one more opportunity of witnessing her grand, though certainly not unrivalled, representation of *Valentine*; if the effect produced by Grisi, in the incomparable scene between *Valentine* and *Raoul* in the "Huguenots" is greater than when Mlle. Tietjens is seen in the same part, it is only because the former is so much more efficiently supported by Mario, than the latter by Giuglini; this opinion is advanced on dramatic grounds alone; as in the matter of vocalism, there can be but little question, where one voice is in the prime of its beauty, and the other has little but reminiscences of its former self to plead for it. This evening (Saturday) "Rigoletto" is to be again performed, Mario in the rôle of *Duke Alfonso*. Both houses are occupied with Verdi's opera, "Il Ballo in Maschera;" this first representation at this house is announced for Saturday next, the 22nd instant.

## ROYAL OPERA, LYCEUM.

The new company at this house, comprising the most distinguished artists from Her Majesty's Theatre, with one or two additions from abroad, commenced their series of twelve performances on Saturday last with the "Trovatore," which was repeated on Thursday evening. After recording our

protest against the production of an opera which has been played repeatedly every season and at every house till we are sick of the very mention of it, we must own that the performance was one of the best that we have ever witnessed; Mlle. Tietjens, Albani, Giuglini, and Delle Sedie, all first-rate artistes, filling the characters respectively of *Leonora*, *Azucena*, *Manrico*, and the *Count*. The band, though small, is remarkably efficient, and seems much more under the control of the conductor (Signor Arditi) than was formerly the case with one of larger dimensions at Her Majesty's. The chorus, however, is very bad, the "Miserere," in the third act, being a complete failure. "Lucrezia Borgia" was played on Tuesday; and, for this evening, "Il Ballo in Maschera" is announced, Mr. Mapleson thus getting two days' start of Mr. Gye, who has fixed Thursday for its production at Covent Garden.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

Under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, the founder of the National Choral Society, the Grand Choral Festival of the Metropolitan Schools took place on Saturday last; the little vocalists, four thousand in number, being "weighted" by one thousand adult singers—altos, tenors, and basses. A capital selection of vocal music was made, partly sacred and partly secular; but two of the finest pieces, the *Ave verum* of Mozart, and Danby's "Awake, Æolian Lyre," were omitted, in consequence of some of the other pieces being encored, amongst which were Purcell's song from the "Tempest," "Come unto these yellow sands," adapted to other words, considered more suited to the infant mind.

## PART I.—SACRED.

Hymn, "To bless thy chosen race"	Psalter, 1595.
Chorale, "Hark! a voice is calling"	Mendelssohn.
Anthem, "In Jewry is God known"	C. Whitfield.
Chorale, "We praise thy name"	Mendelssohn.
Solo and Chorus, "There were Shepherds, Glory to God"	Handel.
Chorale, "Jesus, refuge of my soul"	G. W. Martin.
Chorale, "Lamb of God"	Mozart.
Solo and Chorus, "The marvellous works"	Haydn.

## PART II.—SECULAR.

Part-Song, "Scots wha hae"	Scotch National Song.
Part-Song, "The Army and the Navy"	G. W. Martin.
Part-Song, "The Cloud-capt Towers"	Stevens.
Part-Song, "Holiday Morn"	Purcell.
Part-Song, "Heart of Oak"	Dr. Boyce.
Part-Song, "Awake, Æolian Lyre"	Il. Danby.
Part-Song, "In these delightful groves"	Purcell.
A Round, "Southerly Wind."	
Part-Song, "Ye Mariners of England"	Dr. Calcott.
Part-Song, "The Cuckoo"	G. W. Martin.
Part-Song, "National Anthem."	

The young vocalists have been trained with great care, and produce a very pleasing effect by their *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, which, considering the vast numbers under the bâton, are remarkably well-managed. In the choruses from the "Messiah" and the "Creation," the solo parts were taken by Miss Eleanora Wilkinson, and Mr. Brown-smith presided at the organ. It would have been much better had the band of the Duke of York's School been dispensed with, as their playing was, even for their age, very bad, and their instruments of the most worthless description, if we may judge from the tone emitted.

## BEETHOVEN RECITALS.

Of the four Sonatas which constituted the performance at the fourth Recital, two, The Moonlight and the Pastorale are well known to most pianoforte players; indeed there must have been present several, who in the execution of them had frequently delighted their friends and enlivened the domestic circle; but it is probable that even these derived a fresh insight into their beauty from Mr. Halle's exquisite, and in some respects original interpretation. Delicacy of touch, purity of tone, deep poetic feeling, and an utter absence of exaggeration (so frequently palmed off by charlatans as a substitute for sentiment) distinguish Mr. Halle's performance; if to these qualities we could add that passionate breadth and commanding style, which make the instrument under the hands of Liszt sound like a full-toned organ, we should feel that perfection had at last been attained.

## Fourth Recital, Friday, June 7th, 1861.

## PART I.

Sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 1.	Beethoven.
Adagio—C sharp minor.	
Allegretto—D flat major.	
Presto agitato—C sharp minor.	
Song, "The Garland"	Mendelssohn.
Sonata in E flat major, Op. 27, No. 2.	Beethoven.
Andante—E flat major.	
Allegro—C major.	
Allegro molto vivace—C minor; with Trio—E flat major.	
Adagio con espressione—A flat major.	
Allegro vivace	
Adagio . . . . .	E flat major.
Presto . . . . .	

## PART II.

Sonata in D major, Op. 28	Beethoven.
Allegro—D major.	
Andante—D minor.	
Scherzo—D major; Trio—B minor.	
Rondo Allegro—D major.	
Song, "Evening"	Blumenthal.
Sonata in G major, Op. 31, No. 1.	
Allegro vivace—G major.	
Adagio grazioso—C major.	
Rondo Allegretto—G major.	
Presto—G major.	

The name of Moonlight Sonata is supposed to have been first given to it by the late Louis Rellstab, a musical critic of repute throughout Germany; the designation once given, it is impossible not to recognize its fitness—so far at least as the Adagio is concerned. The G sharp, with its constant repetition, breaking through the repeated *arpeggi* of the common chord played *pianissimo*, is as beautiful and as poetical a representation of the moon with its silvery beams piercing the dark clouds, as it is possible for musical art to produce: the parallel case, in Haydn's Creation, descriptive of the moon's tranquil path in the heavens, will occur to every musical reader. Before concluding our notice of this Sonata, we may mention a peculiarity in Mr. Halle's rendering of this movement, namely the striking the bass note just before instead of *simultaneously* with the first note of the triplet. In the Scherzo of the E flat Sonata, those who are familiar with Chopin's singular Tarentelle in A flat will at once discover the sources from which he drew his inspiration. It must have been from the Scherzo of Op. 28 that that Sonata derived its name of "Pastoral," a designation, however appropriate, no more the idea of Beethoven than that of the "Moonlight." The effect of the *musette* and the pipe is very felicitously suggested by the first subject. Between this Sonata, Op. 28, and the one in G, with which the Recital concluded, the Quintett in C major, Op. 29, (performed by the way at last Monday's Popular Concert) and the three Sonatas, Op. 30, in A, E flat, and G respectively, dedicated to the Emperor Alexander, fill up the interval.

For the first time since the commencement of these concerts, Mr. Halle played from a book; and we presume that he will now continue to do so till their termination. The Hall was very fully attended, and the concert was honoured with the presence of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, who, with her suite, remained till the very end.

## MR. HORSLEY'S GIDEON.

The reception accorded to Mr. Charles Horsley's latest oratorio, "Gideon," on Wednesday evening last, at St. James's Hall, by an audience, half of whom were in all probability the friends and admirers of the composer, cannot be taken as a just criterion of its real value; but after all allowances are made, there is no doubt that it is a work of considerable merit, full of pleasing, and sometimes original, thoughts; though the form into which they are thrown, being identified with some of Mendelssohn's best-known compositions, might lead a hasty critic to suspect the existence of plagiarism, when in reality there was none. The oratorio is divided into three parts, in the first of which *Gideon*, having rescued *Zillah* from the hands of the followers of *Baal*, who were intent upon her destruction, overthrows their altars, and sacrifices to God. In the second, the Baal-worshippers, discovering the insult offered to their deity, are about to sacrifice *Gideon* to their vengeance, when a messenger announces the sudden approach of the Midianites. In the third part, the Midianites are routed by *Gideon*, and the Israelites welcome the victorious conqueror with shouts of "The sword of

the Lord and of Gideon!" The oratorio finally concludes with his welcome and triumphant return. An elegant and soothing Aria for *Zillah* in B flat, two-four time,

"Thou givest thy beloved sleep,  
O Merciful Most High,"

and a beautiful melody in A flat, for contralto,

"O Israel, dear Israel,  
E'en yet thy God doth love thee,"

rendered with great expression by Mme. Laura Baxter, were both encored, although the effect of the former was considerably marred by its being taken much too slow. Some of the tenor songs are exceedingly beautiful, especially the Andante religioso in the third part,

"Lord, who am I, that thou shouldst  
Strive by me, so long I dared  
To doubt thy call?"

and a very spirited one in the first part,

"O Mighty God of Israel,  
Thou have I loved and feared;"

an air for soprano and chorus,

"Deep in the shades of affliction abiding,"

in the third part, though simple in structure, is very effective, and some of the choruses are specimens of fine vigorous writing, which are deserving of more than a single hearing. The instrumentation we consider in every way inferior to the choral writing; and cannot reconcile our ears to some of the extraordinary combinations of instruments, such for instance as those to which recourse is had in the chorus of Angels (Vocal score, p. 35) and again in the chorus (Vocal score, p. 121),

"Lo! in the valley."

The noble chorus of Israelites in C major is as fine a piece of choral writing as we have had since Mendelssohn; and in our opinion it should have formed the conclusion of the oratorio. The fugued chorus in A,

"All glory be to God on high,"

looks very much out of place, and spoils what would otherwise have been a most effective climax. Mr. Horsley was called for both during the performance and at its close, when he was warmly and heartily cheered; on the second occasion, he led forward Mr. Mellon, to whom he publicly expressed his obligations for the skill with which he had directed it. Mr. Sims Reeves was the tenor singer; and Miss Stabbach undertook the soprano part, which, we are sorry to add, was not very satisfactorily executed; to Mr. Weiss was allotted the part of the basso.

## MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S CONCERT.

The third and last of Mr. Macfarren's series of concerts took place on Tuesday evening at Hanover Square Rooms. The programme, evidently drawn up by a thoughtful and elegant musician, presented features of sterling excellence, such as one would seek in vain in the ordinary concerts of the day, where no piece is considered of sufficient attraction to be set down in the programme, unless it be the composition of a third or fourth-rate musician, and possesses the additional advantage of being thoroughly hackneyed. What selection could be made, happier than the one subjoined, or more in accordance with the feelings of an amateur who seeks something beyond the mere gratification of the moment?

Quintett in F minor, Op. 41	Dussek.
Kecitative and Rondo, "A questa sena"	Mozart.
Fantasia, Op. 77	Beethoven.
Song, "I arise from dreams of thee"	G. A. Macfarren.
Sonata in E minor, MS., Pianoforte and Violoncello	Walter Macfarren.
Song, "What hid'st thou"	Loder.
Pianoforte solos	Walter Macfarren.
Duett, "A kind good-night"	H. Smart.
Trio in D, Op. 70, No. 1	Beethoven.

By far the larger part of the instrumental pieces was new to us; the Fantasia of Beethoven decidedly so: it is a piece that will amply repay study, as showing the great master in one of his frolicsome and whimsical moods, a phase of his character most probably unfamiliar to many who are in other respects deeply acquainted with his ways and works. Dussek's Quintett we cannot rate so highly as Mr. Macfarren, though we give him every



credit for being the originator of some of the most beautiful effects which the pianoforte is capable of producing, and which have made the stock-in-trade of many a subsequent pianiste. Forming our impression from a single hearing, we should not be inclined to rate this production higher than a similar composition of Pleyel. The ideas, if pretty, are not striking; and the effect of the whole leaves but a transitory impression on the mind. Had the places of the Trio and the Quintett been interchanged, we much question whether the audience would have remained, as they did, to hear the last note. The manuscript Sonata, consisting of four movements, by Mr. Walter Macfarren himself (executed by the composer and Signor Piatti), is an admirable specimen of good, classical composition. The first subject of the Adagio finale, in E major, is of extreme beauty; and though simple in form, quite original. Three other pieces, performed by the composer,—“May Morn,” “Mariana,” and “The Mountain Stream,”—have been known for some time to our pianists. The services of Miss Banks and Miss Palmer were engaged for the vocal department which was of a very sterling quality, the weakest song being Loder’s “Invocation to the Deep.” Mr. H. Blagrove was the violinist.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

These popular entertainments are now rapidly drawing to a close, the last being announced for the benefit of the manager, Mr. Arthur Chappell, on the second of next month. The concert of Monday last was highly interesting, from the fact of its being the first appearance of Herr Nicolas Rubinstein, a distinguished pianiste, and brother of the composer, Anton Rubinstein, whose grand orchestral work, *Ocean*, created so great a sensation at the first concert of the Musical Art Union. Herr Rubinstein selected for the display of his powers Beethoven’s wonderful Op. 57, the *Fantasia Appassionata*, the excellent performance of which was breathlessly listened to from beginning to end. The programme, as will be seen by inspection, consisted solely of compositions by Beethoven.

## PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

Quintett in E flat, Op. 29 . . . . . Beethoven.  
Lieder Kreis, Op. 98 . . . . . Beethoven.  
Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57, for pianoforte solo . . . . . Beethoven.

## PART II.

Quartett in F, No. 7, Op. 59 . . . . . Beethoven.  
Song, “The Savoyard,” Op. 52 . . . . . Beethoven.  
Song, “The Stolen Kiss,” Op. 128 . . . . . Beethoven.  
Trio in B flat, Op. 197, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello . . . . . Beethoven.

The Trio in B flat, one of the later compositions, was introduced for the first time on this occasion; of the other piece, the Quartett in F, has been played twice before, and the Lieder Kreis sung about six times: when we say that Mr. Sims Reeves was the vocalist, it may be imagined that the room was well filled. The instrumental performers, in addition to Herr Rubinstein, were MM. Wieniawski, Ries, Webb, Hann, and Piatti.

## ST. JAMES’S.

M. Geoffroy has again presented us with another of his admirable impersonations in the rôle of *M. Plumet*, in M. Barrière’s comedy, “*L’Héritage de Mr. Plumet*,” which has been performed during this week at the St. James’s Theatre. *M. Plumet* is a rich old bachelor, impulsive in the highest degree, and taking immediate action upon resolutions which the least show of argument or advice, or simple assertion, can lead him to form. He is surrounded by a circle of relatives, whose rapacity after his wealth penetrates at every moment through the civilities and kindnesses which they heap upon him; but the good old gentleman never dreams of imputing to them the sordid motives by which they are actually swayed. Yielding, however, to their interested counsels, he is kept in a perpetual whirl of change; giving and withdrawing, caressing one and turning another out of doors, but growing only more positive in every present judgment as he is convinced of the falsehood of the past. At length he is induced by one of his nieces, *Adeline Protat* (Mlle. A. Théric), for purposes of her own, to make proposals to a friend of hers, *Clémence* (Mlle. Marchal), the ward of two

military veterans, who regard her with doating affection. Here the constitutional infirmity of *M. Plumet* leads him into further trouble: his family come to visit him, and under their influence the marriage, on which he was before so firmly bent, he begins to regard as a folly. He accordingly endeavours to break off the arrangement, but is again melted by the conduct of the guardians of *Clémence*. These veterans, whose faces are bronzed by the sun of Algeria to a colour that is formidable to regard, by their manly behaviour make poor *Plumet* almost distracted with shame at his behaviour; but the sight of his intended again fixes his vacillating mind, and after giving rise to many admirable scenes, the marriage is ultimately fixed and the discomfiture of the relatives complete. It is difficult to appreciate too highly either the admirable acting of M. Geoffroy or the most praiseworthy manner in which he was supported by the whole corps. Every single character was well played, and the relation maintained by each to the others was admirable. There was no attempt, as is too often the case on English boards, to raise a subordinate character into undesirable prominence, no attempt to raise a laugh from the pit by gagging or other of the similarly objectionable means employed so often in this country; each performer played as it were into the hands of the other, and the effect of the contrast between such acting and that we see constantly at some even of our most popular theatres, was striking. It reminds us of the difference between a perfectly trained orchestra, where, beneath the master hand of the conductor, every instrument in just proportion joins to swell the whole harmony, and the music of the untrained band, where every performer strives to make predominant his own instrument, producing sounds “like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh.” We can confidently recommend our readers to visit the St. James’s Theatre, and can promise them an evening’s genuine amusement. The other piece is a pleasing comédietta, entitled, “*Les Petits Moyens*,” by M. Desourcelle.

## PRINCESS’S.

Shakespeare’s “*Merry Wives of Windsor*” has been produced during this week at the Princess’s Theatre, and is played on alternate nights with “*Hamlet*.” Mr. Phelps is *Sir John Falstaff*, and is most unmistakably the best representative of the burly old knight that the present generation of play-goers have had the opportunity of witnessing.

## OLYMPIC.

We are glad to note the re-appearance of Mr. F. Robson after his severe illness. On Monday evening he appeared as *Lancelot Griggs*, in Morton’s farce, “*Ticklish Times*,” and the extraordinary manifestation of applause, lasting several minutes, which greeted his return to the Olympic boards, appeared, as indeed it could scarcely fail to do, deeply to impress him. The success which has attended Mr. Robson is due to talents of great versatility and of a high order; and such a reception as was accorded him on Monday evening last was the most genuine and flattering testimonial that an actor can receive of public appreciation, and seldom has such manifestation been either more sincere or better deserved.

## STRAND.

We scarcely know what has been the origin of the name “*On and Off*,” as the new farce by Mr. T. J. Williams, produced at the Strand Theatre, is called. “*In and Out*,” or “*Up and Down*,” or “*Back and Front*,” appear to us just as aptly to describe the piece as the name which the author has selected. However, there is no need to be captious about a name, when the result is as amusing as is that produced in this instance, though, we must add, from the very slightest materials. The humour of the piece consists entirely in the delays and disappointments which afflict an old bachelor bent upon a picnic to Bushy Park. *Peter Dunducketty* (Mr. James Rogers), the bachelor in question, is on the point of starting; the musicians are hired, and in a cab at the door; another cab waits to convey his own person; a hamper, richly stocked with wine and comestibles of the most approved order, is ready packed, and Mr. *Dunducketty* has invested himself in a summery costume, which is more than appropriate for the

occasion. He has had lessons in dancing, and cannot keep his feet still, so strong are his anticipations of the dances to come off with a charming widow who is to be of the party; and there is an additional possibility of a game at forfeits to follow, the bare thought of which is too much for his philosophy, and almost for his propriety. But now his troubles begin. He has, unfortunately, a niece, *Letitia* (Miss E. Bufton), whom he has married, at her own urgent supplication, to a Mr. Langton (Mr. W. Mowbray), and thereby blighted for ever the hopes of *Alphonso de Pentonville*, a young gentleman of ultra-poetical tendencies, and the owner of a small estate, including a windmill, of which he had fondly deemed the fair *Letitia* would have accepted the wardenship. *De Pentonville* first appears and detains him with the tale of his shipwrecked hopes; then, alas for the fragility of love! the young couple, though only just married, appear separately to invoke his advice in a dreadful quarrel which has already broken out. This quarrel Mr. *De Pentonville* succeeds in fanning into a complete blaze, until the poor bewildered bachelor is almost beside himself at the frustration of his hopes concerning the widow, no less than at the inflammable materials by which he is surrounded. Divorce, suicide, murder—all are on the cards; and how can a man dance at a picnic with such dreadful contingencies overhanging him? And, to add to his mortification, the band outside, growing impatient, keep striking up for their own amusement the very dance-music to which he should be at that time keeping delicious cadence with the fair widow. The thought is unbearable, and his feet cannot keep from dancing even amidst all his troubles. At length the horizon is cleared of storms: the baffled *De Pentonville* slinks out of the door to avoid a more summary ejection by the windows, and at that moment *Peter* receives a telegraphic message that his proposed excursion would be unavailing, the widow having levanted with an officer. The philosophic *Peter* reconciles himself that it is better thus than if she had eloped after marriage, and devotes the rest of his affections to his niece and her husband. It is needless to say that Mr. Rogers was admirable as the bachelor. The coquettish *Letitia* was well rendered by Miss Bufton; and Mrs. Manders, as the lodging-house keeper, was a valuable addition to the company.

## MISCELLANEA.

Mr. Dickens’s story of “*Great Expectations*,” now appearing in the pages of *All the Year Round*, is to be concluded in the number for the 3rd of August, and the following week, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton will commence a new tale, entitled “*A Strange Story*,” to be completed in six months.

On Thursday evening next, the Numismatic Society will hold their annual meeting for the purpose of electing officers and the transaction of general business.

We are informed that Mrs. Bray has in preparation a work of fiction, illustrative of the scenery, legendary lore, and fairy superstitions of Cornwall, a county with which her father’s family were long most honourably connected.

On the 13th of September next, an exhibition of the works of living artists is to be held in St. Petersburg; and we understand that the Imperial Academy have sent round invitations to exhibit to the various foreign artists of note.

On Friday evening, the 7th instant, the Rev. Patrick Brontë died, at the vicarage of Haworth, in Yorkshire, at the age of eighty-three. Everything else that is worth knowing about the deceased, our readers are already familiar with in the pages of Mrs. Gaskell’s memoirs of his renowned daughter, the authoress of *Jane Eyre*. We are careful to observe the good old rule, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, so perhaps need say no more about the late Mr. Brontë. He was the author of one or two unimportant and now forgotten books—two small volumes of poems, chiefly on homely and rural subjects, and two prose compositions, one a tale of Irish life, and the other a narrative entitled, *The Cottage in the Wood*; or, *the Art of becoming Rich and Happy*.

A conversazione will be held on the 11th of July next at the South Kensington Museum, in aid of the funds for the formation of the South London Museum. A magnificent collection of gems and diamonds will be exhibited on the occasion. The District of South London, comprising the localities of Lambeth, Kennington, Vauxhall, Stockwell, Brixton, Camberwell, Peckham, Walworth, Southwark, Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, Horsleydown, contains approximately a million of souls, or two-fifths of the entire population of the metropolis; and has the benefit of no Public Educational Institution calculated to promote the mental culture of the inhabitants—the only places open for public resort being several minor theatres and an increasing number of "music halls." The residents are, to a great extent, of the working classes, and others who may be supposed mostly to need the refinement and teaching which is imparted by such noble institutions as South Kensington Museum, the Museum of Economic Geology, and the parent British Museum. The proposed Museum is to be based upon the general arrangement of the South Kensington Museum, and to have ample space for specimens to illustrate Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, through their history, epochs, and schools. Space is to be devoted to the formation of a good and complete Museum of Local Antiquities; specimens of Ancient Art remarkable for their beauty of form are to be exhibited for the study of the Art-workman. Applied Science and Industrial Art are to hold a prominent place, and to be illustrated by models of machinery, processes of manufactures from the raw material to the finished work, and examples of foreign art placed in juxtaposition with works of native artisans. The Collection would be well lighted in the evening and open for inspection freely (except perhaps on certain evenings); popular lectures are to be given frequently, in elucidation of every department of the Museum; and a reference Library to be attached to the Institution.

A series of lectures is now being delivered at the Crystal Palace, on successive Monday afternoons, on various subjects connected with Science and Art. We have great pleasure in calling attention to it, and in inserting the list of those which are yet to come:—June 17, Dr. E. Lankester, F.R.S., on "Physiology as a branch of General Education." June 24, Mr. B. W. Hawkins, F.L.S., F.G.S., on "The Gorilla and Monkey Tribes, and their relation to Man." July 1, Dr. Dresser, F.L.S., on "The special relation of Botany to the Ornamental Arts." July 8, Herr A. Sonnenschein, on "Earthquakes and Volcanoes." July 15, Dr. Ch. Semler (in German), on "Goethe's Songs and Ballads." June 22, Rev. C. Boutell, M.A., on "History Illustrated by Art; with reference to the Crystal Palace Collections." Dr. Dresser commenced his course of six lectures on the Classification of Plants, on Thursday, at three o'clock, p.m., in the Private Lecture Theatre of the School of Art, Science, and Literature. The lecture was splendidly illustrated, the platform and table being almost covered with magnificent growing specimens from the Palace collections, as well as specimens of woods, &c., from the Museum. To-day (Saturday) those who attended this lecture and who signified their intention to the attendants, are to meet on Wimbledon Common at one o'clock, when Dr. Dresser will give a demonstration on the wild plants growing there.

During the month of June nothing can be more glorious than the fine show of rhododendrons in Kew Gardens, their tints ranging from crimson to pink, and from the richest puce through every shade of lilac, to the palest white; their prodigality of blossom, the roundness of their forms, fading and melting into each other in the artistic arrangement of their hues. The rhododendrons and azaleas together make such a show as is well worth a visit during the few days of fine weather which we may expect from an English sun.

Our readers will observe that this (Saturday) evening, at half-past eight, Dr. Forbes Watson, the well-known speaker on this subject, will read a paper before the Royal Asiatic Society, on "Cotton from India." We understand the discourse will be oral, and that it will contain the latest authentic intelligence on this interesting and important topic.

The annual scientific congress of the Cambrian Archaeological Association will be held this year in Swansea in the month of August, and will extend over a week. Excursions will be made to Oystermouth Castle and Church, and extended ones to explore the Gower district will also be planned, as well as to the ruins of the old Abbey at Neath, the Chapter-house at Margam, and other objects of antiquarian interest in the neighbourhood.

M. Guizot's new volume of his *Personal Memoirs* is to be published in a very short time by Mr. Bentley. It will comprise an account of the events relating to the complications between England and France on the Turkish Question in 1841.

We note that it is intended to produce in Paris a translation of Mr. Dion Bouicault's famous adaptation, "The Colleen Bawn." We doubt whether the humour and pathos, so unmistakably Hibernian, of this play, will produce much effect upon a Parisian audience; and we shall be a little curious to note how these somewhat volatile characteristics survive the ordeal of translation, or how far Mr. Bouicault's own part will be caricatured in the representation. We could have wished, however, that in this which is one of the few instances where our neighbours reverse the ordinary rule by which our English stage depends entirely upon French authors for its novelties, that some piece had been chosen less dependent for its success upon meretricious aid, and of more sterling and intrinsic merit.

The following occurs in the Correspondence of the *New York Tribune*, and deserves attention in this country as well as across the Atlantic.

"SIR,—I beg you to call the attention of the most learned of the medical profession to an indication of mental obliquity upon the part of authors and publishers (especially those of the United States), which has already worked incalculable evil in the Republic of Letters, and threatens to work more. Within the last few years, as is well known to literary men, many authors who have devoted anxious

days and nights of careful research to various departments of learning, have published bulky volumes professing to contain the results of such investigations, but presenting to the eye of the reader nothing save a confused mass of matter, almost totally useless for want of an alphabetical index. So much for authors; and if they be partially excused on the plea of that want of practical common sense to which mental abstraction is supposed to be unfavourable, what shall be said for publishers, men of business, who are sometimes found willing to risk their capital by printing—perhaps even stereotyping—such confused masses of matter, without insisting upon the addition of a copious alphabetical index?

"Is it a fear of trouble on the part of the author, a dread of expense on the part of the publisher, that disgraces literature by *indexless* books?

"But will the author let the toil of years be lost to a large part of the world—for lost it surely is—rather than add a few days or weeks of labour to make the whole available? Will the publisher risk thousands of dollars on the plates of what should be a valuable work, and yet grudge the outlay of a few more dollars for the paper and print of an Index? A man unaccustomed to books, after reading this article, would be apt to say—'Such stupidity is incredible; surely this writer cannot be in earnest.' Alas, it is too true! I have known of instances where indexes were objected to by publishers, because they were too minute—took up too much room! A carefully prepared index to a set of one of the most important of late American publications, was reduced perhaps one half, to diminish the expense of paper and print! An American editor of an English work boasts, in the extreme of his stupidity, that he has saved the American purchaser of the book the expense of an Index!

"Let the remedy be applied forthwith. Let Lord Campbell's proposition be carried out at once. 'So essential,' remarks his Lordship, 'did I consider an index to be to every book, that I proposed to bring a bill into Parliament to deprive an author who publishes a book without an index, of the privilege of copyright; and, moreover, to submit him for his offence to a pecuniary penalty.'—(*Preface to Chief Justice*, vol. II.)

"After 'author,' above, add 'or publisher,' and let such a bill be passed at its next Legislature by every State which boasts an author, publisher, and printing press. What would be thought of an architect who built a large house and left it without staircases for exploration? What, then, shall be said of an author or publisher who sends a book into the world without an Index?"

This letter is signed "Bibliophile," which stands, we believe, for Mr. S. Alibone, the well-known compiler of the *Dictionary of Authors*.

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Champagne	21s., 36s., 38s., & 48s.

Shipping and the Trade supplied.

E. LESLIE and CO.,

Lon'on, February 4, 1861. 32, Fenchurch Street.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S  
General Furnishing Ironmongery  
Warehouse,

39, OXFORD STREET; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4, NEWMAN STREET; 4, 5, and 6, PERRY'S PLACE; and 1, NEWMAN MEWS, London, W.

### THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—

The REAL NICKEL SILVER, introduced more than 25 years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when Plated by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for finish and durability, as follows:—

	Fiddle or Old Silver Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	Lily Pattern.	King's or Military, &c.
12 Table Forks.....	£ s. d. 1 13 0	£ s. d. 2 4 0	£ s. d. 2 10 0	£ s. d. 2 15 0
12 Table Spoons.....	1 13 0	2 4 0	2 10 0	2 15 0
12 Dessert Forks.....	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Dessert Spoons.....	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Tea Spoons, gilt.....	0 16 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt.....	0 10 0	0 18 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles.....	0 6 0	0 8 6	0 9 0	0 9 6
1 Gravy Spoon.....	0 6 6	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt.....	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt.....	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 6
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 6
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Ladle.....	0 2 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Knife.....	0 10 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	1 0 0
1 Sugar Sifter.....	0 8 3	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 6
Total.....	9 19 9	13 10 3	14 19 6	16 4 0

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An oak chest to contain the above, and a relative number of knives, &c., £2 15s. Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers and Corner Dishes, Cruet and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

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The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is ON SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.—23 inch ivory-handled table knives, with high shoulders, 12s. 6d. per dozen; dessert to match, 10s.; if to balance, 6d. per dozen extra; carvers, 4s. 3d. per pair; larger sizes, from 20s. to 27s. 6d. per dozen; extra fine, ivory, 32s.; if with silver ferrules, 30s. to 50s.; white bone table knives, 6s. per dozen; dessert, 5s.; carvers, 2s. 3d. per pair; black horn table knives, 7s. 4d. per dozen; dessert, 6s.; carvers, 2s. 6d.; black wood-handled table knives and forks, 6s. per dozen; table steels, from 1s. each. The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated fish carvers.

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Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornamental ornaments and two sets of bars, £3 15s. to £33 10s.; bronzed fenders, with standards, 7s. to £5 12s.; steel fenders, £2 15s. to £11; ditto, with rich ornamental ornaments, from £2 15s. to £18; chimney-pieces, from £1 8s. to £100; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set, to £4 4s. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S  
General Furnishing Ironmongery  
Catalogue

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is the most certain REMEDY for RESTORING and STRENGTHENING the HAIR. By it whiskers and moustaches are produced and beautified. Ladies will find it especially valuable, as the most delicate head-dress or bonnet can be worn without fear of soiling. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. C and A. OLDRIDGE, 22, Wellington Street, Strand.

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Copy of a Testimonial proving the efficacy of the above preparation.

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"Miss Hamilton presents her compliments to Mr. Atkins, and respectfully states and thanks him at the same time for the complete success she derived from using his preparation. It was the means of removing the disfigurement on the face, with which she had been previously troubled for many years."

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Wholesale Agents—Barclay and Sons, London; Ralnes and Co., Edinburgh; and 40, Hanover Street, Liverpool; Blanchard and Co., Bridge Street, York. Retail of all respectable Chemists, Hair Dressers, Perfumers, and Patent Medicine Vendors.

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—UNWHOLESOME CHANGES.—The changeable weather is causing much sickness, and exerting the most powerful influence in deranging the secretions of the body. Alternating chills and heats so derange the capillary circulation, that skin, liver, stomach, or lungs must become disordered. Holloway's Ointment, well rubbed upon these organs twice a day, proves the quickest, safest, and best corrective. It penetrates the skin, enters the deeper structures, purifies their blood, cleanses their substance, equalizes their circulation, and renders their secretions abundant without annoying, irritating, or exhausting them. This Ointment, perseveringly used, aided by occasional doses of these far-famed PILLS, are capable of removing all the formidable evils induced by variable weather, and its attendant impurities.

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—Dr. H. JAMES discovered, while in practice in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East Indian Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard and succeeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and there is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night-sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. It purifies all the fluids and secretions in the shortest reasonable period; it nourishes the patient who is too much reduced to partake of ordinary food; it strengthens, braces, and vitalizes the brain; it heals, as if by magic, all internal sores, tubercles, ulcers, and inflammations; it stimulates, but is not followed by a reaction; it at once obviates emaciation, building up waste flesh and muscle, as the rain vivifies and enhances the growth of the grass. It is without a rival as a tonic, and it immediately supplies electricity, or magnetic force (as if it were a battery) to every part of the enfeebled and prostrate body. The undersigned has never failed in making those who have tried it completely healthy and happy. Price 10s. per bottle. Those who have a particle of doubt as regards the above statement, or do not feel able to purchase the medicine, can have a recipe free containing full instructions for making and successfully using, and a history of the discovery, on receipt of a stamped envelope with their address, sent to O. P. BROWN, No. 14, Cecil Street, Strand, London.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Press in all parts of the world has been very liberal in praise of Dr. H. James's Medicines, as well as of his fair and disinterested method of disposing of them—the "Extract of Cannabis Indica" particularly.

"HE RELIEVES YOUR SUFFERINGS DISINTERESTEDLY!—Who does? Old Dr. H. James. This famous old retired physician has suddenly reappeared before the world, as one of the greatest public benefactors of the age. He went to the East Indies, it will be remembered, many years ago, an almost heart-broken man, with his little daughter—an only child—who was given up to die of consumption, which she inherited from her mother. Becoming acquainted with the great power and wonderful invigorating and restoring qualities of preparations made from East Indian Hemp, he set to work and studied and experimented, until he made a medicine that restored his child to health and happiness. Since then, the Doctor made and gave this medicine to all consumptives with whom he came in contact; and it never failed to effect a speedy and permanent cure. He was a few months ago prevailed upon to make this marvellous and blessed remedy public."—*Atlas*.

"A MAN OF A THOUSAND.—In these days of selfishness it is refreshing to find one man whose acts are altogether disinterested. We allude to Dr. H. James. He worked hard until he made from Cannabis Indica, and other potent vegetables, a medicine that has cured everybody that has taken it, for either consumption, bronchitis, coughs, colds, and especially for nervous prostration or nervous disorders of all kinds. Try it!"—*Messenger*.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT.—'Let there be Light,' said the Divine Architect, when he fashioned the earth from chaos, and there was light." If the "regular faculty," (as the old school physicians who take heathenish oaths, and adopt mystery in their practice, call themselves) were to follow the example of the famous retired physician, Old Dr. H. JAMES, and, having first enlightened themselves with regard to the causes and nature of diseases, would surround their medicines with LIGHT, mankind would be spared a great deal of terrible suffering, and the Bills of Mortality would be materially curtailed. Old Dr. H. James makes no mystery with his wonderful medicine, the EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. He tells how, when, and where he discovered it; how it operates; what it is made of; and why it effects such radical changes for the better in the depressed and disorganized human system. His magical remedy galvanizes the shattered sinews into strength, and invigorates the brain. By healing all internal ulcerations, regulating the stomach and liver, purifying the blood and secretions, and acting as a substitute for food, it expels the worst maladies from the body, exhilarates the mind, and clothes the bones with sound and healthy flesh. It is the only cure for consumption and kindred diseases ever discovered. It is also a sovereign and speedy remedy for all ailments of the brain, stomach, liver, heart, and nerves."—*Liverpool Paper*.

"POOR FRAIL MORTALITY.—The Almighty never made a human being who could become entirely and decidedly hopeless; for 'while there is life there is hope,' and a hopeless being would be lifeless. Invalids should bear in mind, that so long as they exist, they are fit subjects for hope. To sustain this argument, we cite the history of that popular and famous East India discovery, Old Dr. H. JAMES'S EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. Into thousands of sick chambers, from which hope had been sedulously and wickedly excluded, has this wonderful panacea found its way; and from out those chambers have come, in a short time, resuscitated, reinvigorated, and rejuvenated beings. This medicine is a sure remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs, and other complaints of the respiratory organs; and it is an equally certain and speedy cure for all diseases of the nerves, stomach, liver, and brain. Our earnest advice to the sick is to get it, and give it a trial."—*Birmingham Paper*.